



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 27 – Number 6

October 2009

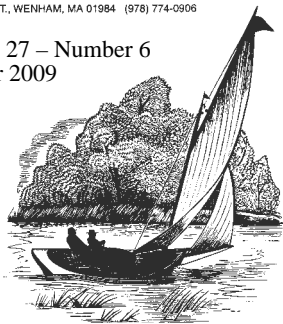
Special Features This Issue
“A Dinghy Cruise of Penobscot Bay and Points East”
“Jitterbug: A West Wight Potter 19 Takes a Cruise”
“Chaoeing the Yukon’s Liard River”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Several of the stories featured in this issue are about adventuring in small boats, not unusual on our pages but perhaps more than we typically offer. Chris Mullen sallies forth solo on Maine's Penobscot Bay in his 17' O'Day Daysailer on a week-long cruise. George Frode and his wife and another couple hire a canal boat to explore New York's Erie Canal. John Depa departs solo from New Jersey for Florida (and ultimately the Bahamas) in his 19' West Wight Potter. Len Wingfield (a truly intrepid British dinghy cruiser) attempts a crossing of Great Britain's Thames Estuary in his 1958 wooden 14' Woodnutt in the scattered company of several fellow dinghy cruisers. And Dick Winslow was off again on another professionally guided canoeing trip with several fellow adventurers, this time traveling all the way from Maine to the Yukon Territory of northwestern Canada to indulge his taste for adventure.

I salute them all, and all the rest of you who go forth on such modest small boating adventures. Despite now some 30 years spent messing about in small boats I never did get around to setting out on such adventures, of whatever scale. By the time I got into boating in the late '70s I'd already lived about 30 years (1948-78) of adventuring on motorcycles so perhaps my appetite for further adventures was satiated. My youthful eagerness to undertake challenges had been dissipated.

Part of the allure of an adventure is the prospect of encountering unanticipated and unknown circumstances, and maybe as I came into my 50s (when I launched this magazine) I was increasingly reluctant to face this. Hard to say now as memory of how I felt 30 years ago has faded away. Perhaps I have become, with the long-term help of this magazine, an armchair adventurer, enjoying the tales of others braver than I but not sufficiently motivated by them to undertake any such adventures of my own.

It isn't the element of danger, most of the sort of adventuring we read about on our pages doesn't have too much of that, but rather, I think, the prospect of having to deal with what comes to pass while away from

my safe haven here. For about 60 years of adult life now, 50 of them self-employed in my obscure publishing efforts, I have had to deal with what life served up, just about all the time relying solely on myself. I've never been one to go for help. No complaint about all that but now it is increasingly an effort to get off my butt and go forth on even simple outings. Once underway I am OK, but it's the getting started that is the hurdle.

The three solo adventures of Chris Mullins, John Depa, and Len Winfield at one time would have been the sort of thing I'd gone for had I been in small boating in my younger years. Envisioning them still appeals but I know better than to even contemplate emulating them. George Frode's canal trip on its much more protected waters with companions offers a much more comfortable prospect.

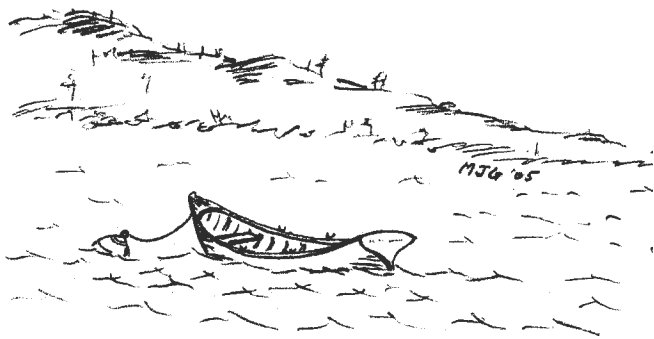
But Dick Winslow's travels into the north country, canoeing on what passes today for wilderness streams, really grabs me. Dick admits to feeling his years at times, but with his canoeing skills still in hand and with the professional guides to deal with whatever happens, he can still enjoy adventuring in his favorite way.

So what am I doing for adventuring? Day trips mostly. On the water Charlie and I paddle weekly on flat water streams and the occasional salt water estuaries within an hour or two of here that meander through conservation areas offering the illusion of wilderness and the appeal of what's around the next bend amidst the urban sprawl of eastern Massachusetts.

On land, another friend and I indulge in riding our recumbent bicycles on weekly 25-40 miles rides over familiar local roads with the occasional long distance ride like a 90-mile round trip to Portsmouth New Hampshire, for a cyclist rally (messabout?). And back on my motorcycles with other friends, I head for northwestern Maine, northern New Hampshire, and Vermont to ride the hundreds of miles of dirt back roads, for me recapturing in much more subdued style the real adventures of my youth. Had those long ago adventures been in small boats, I'd be out on the water instead.

On the Cover...

Chris Mullen took his O'Day 17 daysailer on a camping cruise on Maine's Penobscot Bay early this past summer and found it to be a rewarding experience without all the conveniences of a "cruising yacht." He tells us all about it in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Here is your world, see to it when you can. It spills over with miracles, with death, with life, with loss, with parturition. Even now, in constrictive winter, one can find the latent bud on the maple.

I canoe amid the ice floes on the river. I ply my paddle judiciously, a jagged slab of floating ice can tip me into eternity; my coat and boots will drag me to the bottom.

This world is my curriculum. If I study hard, I may earn, at last, a degree of immortality. Here the sun, the river, the wind, range about me, displaying their various tempers and proclivities. Today the chill breeze gathers her robes about her, stalks to the sea. Tomorrow the predacious gale will seize the river in his roaring jaws and shake it from its bed. On such a day, to test one's mettle is merely to play with Death. I, myself, prefer to play with Life. I shall sit by the fire in my cabin and keep my journal.

The breeze descends the river from the north. The tide shoves its imperious way up river. Wall-sized shards of snowy ice surge steadily to the sea. I slowly, patiently, work upstream to the island. The frigid water ripples by my hull. Whom does moving water not transfix? I remain as entranced as the native in N.C. Wyeth's portrait "The Crystal Depths," who drifts alone in his birch canoe, scrutinizing those depths, his journey forgotten.

Today if I drift I regress. This afternoon I contemplate opaque depths: this river so many flashes of charcoal and pewter. These muted hills recline. The silvery limbs of the white oak implore the heavens. Each risqué gust lifts the green skirt of the hemlock to reveal her pale petticoats. A pair of black ducks arises from amid the tawny rushes. The smolder of the wintry sun smokes the quilted sky. I go in beauty.

Cycles both broad and brief amaze me. I anticipate no explanation of many. Why should I care when the river compels me, the sea commands my respect? The moss-rimmed pool in the forest shows me a vital world in miniature. It has no need to compete with the Mediterranean. You cannot find a body of water more mediterranean.

My sojourn, though brief as ten and threescore summers, assures me perception. All about, the world flaunts transition. Nothing remains the same; yet all remains. The blackbird sings but a handful of seasons; always will blackbirds trill amid the cattails. When Man has had his way with this Earth and Earth, in turn, has had her way with Man, blackbirds will return to sing of summer.

I steer my canoe through the estuary that leads to Chapman's Pond. The water runs quickly, here. I'm wary of a clutching snag and lean into my paddle to avoid it. The time for words, enunciation, comes later. This snag is now and real and lethal. Once a cottonwood leaning to her reflection in the river, now she leans to shelter the torpid carp. Now this snag can seize a dreamful waterman and feed him to that carp.

The estuary opens into the shallow, ice-clogged pond and the frozen marshes. No sign of progress accosts me. Beneath the hill, by the far shore, a lone foundation crumbles. Come summer, rambling rose will bring it beauty it never knew when it raised its unsightly ruin.

The sky, the marsh, the pond: all reach to embrace me. As I embrace them. One day I shall return to be a part of each, of all. All about, this avid world is, and was, and becomes.

From the pond two swans arise, susurrant and swishing. I hark to how their wingsong lingers as I listen. On the wind their wingsong lingers as I listen...

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You write to us about...

Remembering Phil Bolger...

We Should Always Remember

I first met Phil when I was about 12 years old. Phil crewed for friends who owned a Triangle, a one design class at the Eastern Point Yacht Club in Gloucester, Massachusetts. At that time he was a serious student at MIT School of Naval Architecture.

As we all know, Phil went on to be a popular advocate of "radical" boat designs based on the belief that pleasure yachting should not be the exclusive pastime of the very rich. I remember passing through the Annisquam Canal in subsequent years (a canal that allows voyagers to cut off the necessity of passing outside of Cape Ann) and seeing "crazy" boats go by, boats with spritsails, leeboards, and shallow drafts. Someone would tell me, "Oh, those are Phil Bolger's experiments."

Many years later (1987) I became the proud owner of *Rumpus*, a Dovekie designed (in conjunction with Peter Duff) by Phil. I became fascinated from that time on with Phil's genius. I bought several of his design books and still refer to them. The Dovekie was the most mobile boat I ever owned. I could hitch the trailer to my station wagon, drive an hour or so from home in Medfield, Massachusetts, to a put-in and be sailing in ten minutes.

One April day in 1989 I decided to drive up to Gloucester, launch at the Gloucester High School ramp, and see if Phil was "home" in his boat on the Annisquam River. At that time he had no telephone so there was no way to know ahead of time if he was there. I arrived about noontime at Ferry Cove and knocked at his main hatch. Out popped Phil. He welcomed me warmly and asked me to join him at lunch. I had brought a sandwich and drink and ate them while he had soup and crackers.

As one might expect we discussed boat designs for hours. He described the Dovekie as a naval architect's challenge. Conventional wisdom said that all sailboats should have a rockered bottom. This allowed the boat to tack and jibe. The Dovekie, with a flat bottom, was "radical" yet it would perform just fine. I asked him what he thought about the Shearwater. He shook his head in disgust. He thought that Peter Duff had put too much engineering into it, making it hard to accomplish what Phil thought was its purpose, i.e., a trailerable boat, easily launched and rigged, with facilities to cruise overnight.

We repaired to his design table, mid-ships in his cabin, and he pulled out boat plans to show me his ideas. He pushed his idea of an improvement over the Dovekie, called a Birdsong. To date I have never seen one. Eventually it was time to go so I offered him a ride on *Rumpus*, but he declined. I sailed down the Annisquam River to its mouth on Ipswich Bay until the tide changed, then sailed back, a day I will never forget.

A few years later, Phil married and his wife helped him become more businesslike. I had remarried after courting Linda in *Rumpus*. She wanted another boat with more creature comforts. We sold *Rumpus* and, while I was looking for new boat, I contacted Phil by mail to ask if he knew of a boat that had shallow draft, off-shore ability, a quiet engine, good sailing performance, and creature comforts such as headroom, head, and shower. Phil wrote a two-page letter back immediately.

It said I should look for a motorboat, propelled by Honda four-stroke engines baffled by a sound box. All the creature comforts could be included in the salon of the boat. The roof would hold a high performance single-handed sailboat, like a Laser. I could get my sailing kicks with it. The letter included a cartoon of a narrow hull, which reminded me of an English canal boat.

I know it was hard for the shallow water sailor community when Peter Duff, the Dovekie builder, passed away, but now we must also do without its designer. We should always remember these two sailors.

Hanson Robbins

A Tragedy to Lose Him

A number of years ago, as we built boats to pass the time awaiting financial support for building the *Kalmar Nyckle*, the late Rich Eddy and I built a 14' scow design commissioned by Tom Colgan from Phil Bolger. We built it from signboard, salvaged plywood, and framing to participate in river clean-ups of the Brandywine and Christina Rivers here in Delaware. No one thought at that time that such efforts would lead to the need for redesigns for better economy afloat. As I read of Phil's efforts on behalf of commercial fishermen and the US Navy, I am very thankful for his help towards this goal.

Ralph Fisher, a prime mover in building the *Kalmar Nyckle* Shipyard, also took his own life, it was said that he did not take his medications. To me it is tragic that those such as Phil and Ralph, who showed so much care for others, should choose to end their efforts in this way.

It is fortunate that Phil left us with his legacy of so many designs and we are indeed fortunate that his wife Susanne cares enough to carry on with his work.

Jim Hodges, Wilmington, DE

Holy Smokes... a Handwritten Letter!

I was saddened to learn of Phil Bolger's death when I read the July issue. In response to an inquiry I had made about his Bantam design, he replied on May 23 in the following handwritten letter:

"Dear Mr Baird, Thanks for your interest. Plans of Bantam, our Design #654, are available for \$200 to build one boat, sent air mail rolled in a tube. Plans are in good detail on eight 17"x22" sheets, scale is metric, mostly 1:15.

My partner, Susanne Altenburger, was in Tofino a couple of years ago on a consulting job. She says it is a very good place to make the most of a Bantam.

Sincerely, Phil Bolger"

I responded on June 12, discussing at some length my efforts over the past 20 or so years striving for economical operation of my small boats, strongly focused on electric power. I had just, by quirk of fate, gotten back a 45hp Evinrude that I had converted to electric power and thought that the Bantam might be the ideal hull for it. I specifically asked him if it would serve as an electric boat with 600lbs of batteries onboard and a 60lb outboard hanging on the stern.

Sadly I was about 20 days too late.

Spencer Baird, Tofino, BC

A Letter to Susanne

June 29: A few weeks ago when, by chance I stopped by, I was stunned and saddened to learn of Phil's passing. At the same time I was very impressed with your strength of character during such a challenging period of personal stress for you. I'm sure the one-of-a-kind Master Designer knew exactly what he was doing when he invited the very capable you to share Phil's life. God bless you.

It happened by chance twice prior I had intended to update Phil and you as to the modifications I made to my *Ms Phunstuph*, a transformation of Phil's 10' extended Nymph rowboat/sailboat, into a very capable high speed, fuel efficient Essex River fully cabined shellfish vessel.

I like to think that little *Ms Phunstuph* complements your low carbon fisheries project, using in 7¼ hours at various rates of speed only five gallons of fuel.

The two photos show Phil's shallow draft at work with *Phunstuph* on the hard while I am clamming and underway on the Essex River. That glimmer on the wake may have come from Phil's big grin as he views his Nymph rowboat doing 15+ mph at just a little over half throttle!

George Thompson, Essex, MA



We Corresponded for Eight Years

It was a sad day when I received the news, we have lost Phil. In *MAIB* some 16 years ago I found the article and cartoon of a leeboard catboat which I decided to build. I had been subscribing for some time and always looked forward to the design section of Phil's to see what he was up to.

For eight years we corresponded during the construction of my boat. He was always prompt to answer my questions, which actually were few, in his personal style, handwritten and efficient. I have saved all the letters along with the plans to pass along. I sent photos of the launching, along with some details of the interior, to Phil.

A week later I received a telephone call from Phil, with Susanne on the line. We talked for over half an hour and I was elated. At the end of the conversation Phil paid me a great compliment by asking me for permis-

sion to name the design "Jillian" for use in future publications, as he was so pleased with the outcome.

Thomas Kulp and the boat *Jillian*, Mission Viejo, CA

He Made the World Safe for Square Boats

I'm profoundly saddened by the news of Phil Bolger's death. His was a productive life that touched the lives of many. I've often thought, with a smile, that he made the world safe for square boats, of which my little Sleeper is one. He did much to democratize yachting. And he produced yachts of lyric beauty, too.

Bolger was forthrightly independent, as are the readers of *MAIB*. I liked that. But I think that we all can benefit from the counsel of others. We retain the right and power to direct our lives, however, the decision to take or not to take one's own life should not be made in isolation.

I will miss Bolger the man, but he does live on in what he produced over a long life and we are fortunate to have Susanne Altenburger, half of an epic partnership. Her work will stand well on its own.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley CA

Adventures & Experiences...

Mystic and Appalachicola

Having been away from the Northeast since 2000, I was shocked to read in *MAIB* about the treatment of the icons of Mystic and the apparent lack of appreciation for John Gardner. It was great, though, to see Kevin Rathbone out in his wherry. I got a chance to know him in Mamaroneck when I worked at Derecktor. He builds a pine shelving board, cross-planked rowing skiff every year with the fifth grade class at one of the elementary schools in Mamaroneck and he certainly has a lot of fun doing it. He taught me to appreciate the delicate elegance of a set of Pete Culler oars. I tried to buy a set of plans from Mystic and for \$25 got a crude rendition of what I saw Kevin rowing with.

The Appalachicola Boat Show piece was great, too, because that's where I got to introduce my wife Kathy to Robb White and we both got to meet Jane. We sat at their table the night he gave his speech a couple of weeks before he died.

I just had double knee replacement and I can no longer sit comfortably on my Yamaha sportbike, so boats are about all I have left and I have to kinda slither into them now.

Brad Ansley, Tallassee, TN

Information of Interest...

A Duckah Prequel

I enjoyed reading your update on Jim Thayer's A Duckah in the June issue. Your readers might be interested in the prequel, the story of the Delaware Duckler model on which the A Duckah is based.

In the early 1980s, my brother Bruce Bender set up a one-man boat shop in

Jamestown, Rhode Island. Like many others, he was charmed by Chapelle's description of the 19th century Delaware Duckers. We went down to Mystic Seaport where Ben Fuller kindly let us measure the (unrestored) York Duckler and sail in Ben's own modern Duckler replica.

The Duckler my brother built, while it looked very traditional, was something else. Built of cold-molded cedar, the 15' hull weighed less than 70lbs, light enough to easily car-top and to plane in moderate winds. We used it mostly for daysailing in New England and once for several days of camp-cruising in the islands off Jonesport, Maine. I've still got this boat, which remains in excellent shape.

Cold-molded boats being so labor-intensive, Bruce and colleagues went on to create a fiberglass version. This was the Quarter Moon Duckler. It got a lot of rave reviews, including a highly enthusiastic feature story in *Small Boat Journal*, but not a lot of sales. Jim Thayer eventually bought the mold and stretched it with a 3' addition in the middle to create the A Duckah, which I'm sure also is a fabulous boat.

You can read another take on the Quarter Moon Duckler at <http://vpjvw.chineblog.com/2008/09/aIton-stone-shows-off-his-glass-delaware-duckler/>

Eric Bender, Newton, MA

Editor Comments: We ran a story on Bruce's Quarter Moon boats in the August 15, 1984 issue.

Airheads

This is an exchange in which I recently participated on the Farrier Trimaran Yahoo group:

Alexander: "Has anyone retrofitted a composting head into an F-27/28/31?"

Dock: "I installed an Airhead (www.airheadtoilet.com) in my F31 this year. Took a ten-day cruise, two or three people full time. It works as advertised, never a discouraging whiff. Sometime after we got back the boat did smell like a stale cigar though. I realized some klutz (my alter ego Prince Lucas) had wired the 60ma fan to the \$19.99 garden tractor battery (bought by my alter ego Che P. Skate) that I use as a starter battery which wasn't being charged by the solar panel.

The vent is installed forward and below the level of the forward crossarm. I certainly hate making holes in the boat but am rewarded by now having holes to fill below the waterline."

Peter: "I have never heard of a composting toilet called Airhead. But now when I hear someone being called an "airhead" it will have a whole new meaning."

Dock: "I just returned from the Airheads at the Aerodrome rally. I imagine you are conjuring up the famous scene from Blazing Saddles where riders come from afar on their trusty steeds to sit around the campfire and make potty humor. Well, it's exactly like that, except the trusty steeds aren't horses, or even toilets, but older BMW aircooled motorcycles, affectionately(?) known in their day as Bmwads and more recently as airheads. So whether I'm traveling by land or by sea, I always enjoy riding my airhead!"

We've had our F boat three years now, had been looking a couple of years, even went to Seattle to look at one. This one was

ten miles away, it had basically been abandoned for six years, amas half full of water, garden in the cockpit. Still needs a lot of work, but she's sailing now.

Dock Shuter, Glasco NY



News From Duckworks

Not a good summer for ducks in the Texas Hill Country. The rivers are low and the lakes are lower and still no rain in sight. Chances are we will get some all at once, but even that would be nice.

We kept waiting for the annual summer slowdown but that has not happened. We are building new kayaks this summer, another Imresboat for Lake Powell, and two new designs that will be specifically for fast/rocky rivers. We are covering them inside and out with Kevlar and fiberglass and hope they will be relatively bulletproof.

Check out the new pintles and gudgeons in that section of our store. Racelite has been working with us on expanding that section and there are more to come in the future.

We have a new designer with some wonderful plans, Mark Bowdidge in Australia. Ken Simpson of Toter and EX Canoe fame has new designs as well.

A number of TX200 veterans are planning/hoping to build the new Michalak Laguna design for next years cruise.

In our materials section you will now find aluminum bar in several sizes.

The book of Robb Whites essays, *Flotsam and Jetsam*, is available in our media section. Love him or hate him, he was one of a kind.

Last but not least, we have become a dealer for SPOT, the nifty little GPS tracker that will let everyone know exactly where they are in real time.

Sandra and Chuck, www.duckworksbbbs.com

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This story takes place in and around Lake Ontario and Main Duck Island in Canada, an island in the northeast section of Lake Ontario near where it flows into the St Lawrence. A lot of American and Canadian history happened in this part of the lake, along with some very unusual atmospheric and environmental occurrences as well. Some mysterious things, too, as you will read.

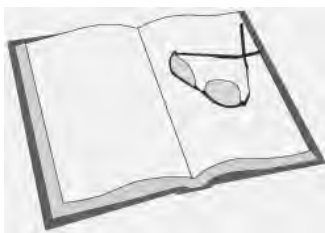
Skipper Sue readies her sloop *Ariel*, gathers her cats, and begins a cruise to the north shore of Lake Ontario to meet Farley Mowatt (yes, that Farley Mowatt). They set out to find out what mysterious things are happening to the lake. Some very unusual things do happen, and you'll meet some of the inhabitants of Main Duck and why they are so worried about what is going on.

This book is written mainly for young readers (young adults like me?), but I found the unique way Susan Gateley filled out this story with just the right seasoning of salt, history, and facts and the way she gave personality to the characters (cats!) not only held my attention but I came away with some interesting knowledge and information about the lake and region. I simply liked it a lot. A very likeable yarn that I think you will enjoy.

The author writes with a special style that tells a very good tale and along with it some information about the condition of the lake, past and present, in a way that helps the story rather than burden it with dry information. She has a way of showing what problems occurred in the past, how conditions slowly improved, what concerns exist today, and what can be done, all in a very reasonable, common sense way. We can all do something and she shows how without ever pointing the finger at those who caused the problems, or won't do, or care to do, anything to fix them. It is more like, here is the situation and this is what happened in the past, here is what exists now and it can be corrected or at least improved if you care to. All this while the story progresses in a unique manner that is very pleasant and enjoyable.

Anyone who has ever been to this part of Lake Ontario can easily see what a beautiful resource it is. The rock ledges, islands, trees, mountains, and the fresh clear water rivals anything to be seen on any coast. Skipper Sue describes all this as the story unfolds.

The last 50 pages or so are Skipper Sue's Notebook. These pages have some of the stories Sue has written in her other books, various publications, and her website log, among others. Especially check the story, "Did A Comet Kill The Schooner *Annandale*"? It

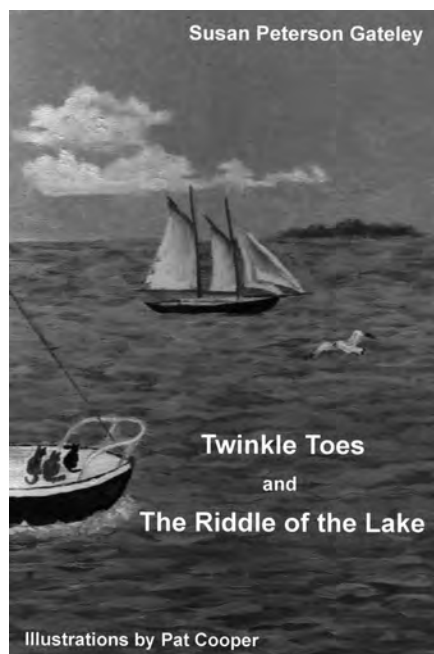


Book Reviews

Twinkle Toes and the Riddle of the Lake

By Susan Peterson Gateley
Illustrations by Pat Cooper
Published by Ariel & Associates 2009
Whiskey Hill Press, Wolcott, NY – \$15.95

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch



is one of my favorites. She wove a yarn using facts and research into something that is compelling and has a special ending that will surprise. There are others that are very good as well, to name only a few; "Community Builders," "Territorial Swans," "Ship Ballast," and "Aliens." There are some websites of interest mentioned in the Notebook, too. Well worth a look.

This book has a lot in it, something for everyone as the saying goes. It should be required reading for those who live around this Great Lake, especially kids as they are the ones who will eventually be responsible for, and be stewards of, this great lake. So read it and see if can you solve the riddle, it might not be what you think. In that regard, google schooner *Sara B*. You will find info about the schooner that is also a part of the story. A very special schooner, too, a Tancook schooner, not a whaler, and a pretty one at that. The photos alone are worth the time to look.

The sloop *Ariel* is also a real boat and Skipper Sue owned and sailed her for 17 plus years single-handed around Lake Ontario. Some of her other books describe some of the adventures and explorations on *Ariel* with her crew of cats. No, she isn't one of those crazy cat people and that crew has since departed, but she has taken on another crew member (co-skipper), her husband Chris. They own the schooner *Sara B* (or she owns them) and sail her extensively.

There are several ways to get a copy of this book. Contact Whiskey Hill Press, 12025 Delling Rd, Wolcott, NY 14590; or silverwaters.com; and also through the Chimney Bluffs Artisans Co-op (\$15.95). Most forms of payment are accepted; i.e., credit card, pay pal, check, etc.

Check the Chimney Bluff website for Susan's other books, also, and read her log (google schooner *Sara B*, you will go right to it). It offers news about *Sara B* as well as updates on what is going on in and around Lake Ontario. Some interesting and very enjoyable reading and some great photos, too. Well worth the time to look.

Happy sails!

Going About A Waterway Adventure


By Gillian Outerbridge
162 Pages – 73 Photographs – \$21.95
Map of the Cruise of the *Dart*
Nautical Publishing Co
PO Box 560989
Rockledge, FL 32956

Reviewed by Ron McIrvine

Gillian (Gill) Outerbridge was a little gal 60 years old, divorced, afraid, and not sure of her capabilities. Ever since she was a little girl in England she wanted to go cruising in her own boat but she married, raised a family, helped her husband run a sightseeing business in Bermuda, and was now single again. By this time she did have her own boat, a 20' Pacific Seacraft Flicka named *Dart*. Her voyages consisted of sailing around the harbor in Bermuda, she had never gone on any kind of a cruise. She was physically OK but lacked the confidence in herself that she could handle the problems of an extended cruise.

Despite these limitations Gill planned a summer's trip with *Dart* on the New York State canal system which, along with various locks and marine railways, ties together several rivers and lakes making a large circular voyage possible.

The book tells the story of Gillian conquering her fears and doubts, shipping *Dart* to New York by freighter, then along with her little dog Tucker spending two summers navigating *Dart* through the New York State canal system and seeing some of the most interesting scenery and water in the US. She had the company of friends three times for short visits, but 90% of the trip was Tucker and Gill doing it all by themselves. She really did well and is an inspiration for folks who would like to cruise but are hesitant and don't think they could do it. The book gives a lot of detail of those New York State waters, the locks, the lakes, the towns, and the people she met along the way.



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23rd Annual Blackburn Challenge

Text and Photographs by Michael Bill
(Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*,
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA)

Rowing, for the vast majority of our membership, is a necessary evil. Necessary to maneuver when in close quarters near the mooring, necessary when the wind dies, and necessary when the rigging fails. While I grew up rowing and guiding myself through the world by aligning the bubbles of my wake with a future destination, I acknowledge that sailing is a less stressful way to get from Point A to Point B (or from Point B back to Point A with the only intent being to enjoy the time in between).

It would surely make us wonder then what would possess 300+ entrants to participate in a 22-mile ocean row, in whatever the conditions might be. This is the Blackburn Challenge, a one-lap race limited to human-powered row/paddle craft, around Cape Ann, Massachusetts, beginning and ending in Gloucester. The 23rd Annual Blackburn Challenge was run on July 18.

The race is named in commemoration of Harold Blackburn, a fisherman from the 1880s. The event both celebrates and helps to keep alive the story of Howard Blackburn's desperate mid-winter 1883 rowing of a small fishing dory from the Burgeo Bank fishing grounds to refuge on the south coast of Newfoundland. Blackburn and his dory-mate, Thomas Welch, had become separated from the Gloucester fishing schooner *Grace L. Fears* during a sudden squall and found themselves nearly 60 miles from the nearest land. Over the course of the ensuing five-day ordeal, Welch would give up and succumb to a merciful death, whereas Blackburn would allow his bare hands to freeze to the shape of the oars and row until he reached land.

Though Blackburn survived he ultimately suffered the loss of most of his fingers and toes due to frostbite. In spite of his handicap, he later went on to twice sail solo across the Atlantic Ocean, earning himself the title "The Fingerless Navigator." His story is told in Joseph E. Garland's *Lone Voyager*.



These Banks dories are unchanged from Howard Blackburn's day.

Back to the race. There are numerous classes of craft that set off in a staggered start in the early morning hours. The 19' Banks Dories led the way. While they are the best equipped for the course, they are surely not the fastest. Other classes include fixed and sliding seat racing and recreational boats, kayaks, outrigger canoes, and even paddle boards (yes, 22 miles of paddling what basically is a high-tech surfboard, by hand).

Most interesting to me personally were the four teams from the Saquish Rowing Education Society, which is organized and meets in the Plymouth, Massachusetts, area. These amateur rowers all participated in Cornish gigs, nominally 26' in length, each with six oarsmen and a coxswain. All of the boats were built by Mike Jenness, Jr in his Massachusetts shop. The club rows recreationally and competitively on a regular basis. Their website's winter rowing pictures (ocean rowing on February 8) are truly humbling. The crews are mixed male and female, ranging from all men with a female cox to an all-female crew.

Three of the gigs are traditionally built using lapstrake construction and one is strip-built. All oars are tholepin mounted. The thwarts are surprisingly narrow at 6". The club is planning to compete in the UK using a fifth gig that is currently being constructed to meet the strict class rules over there. The winning crew members did admit that there was no training that could get them fully ready for the intensity of Blackburn Challenge though.

The overall winning crew was Steve Tucker/Aleks Zosuls in a 32 MAAS sliding

seat double in 2:15:16. The last recorded finishers (over 200 vessels finished) were two paddleboard singles who finished in 6:57. That's a long day in the office! The winner of the class I'm aspiring to (fixed seat single, non-dory) rowed a Pat Brown 15' Adirondack guideboat in 3:41:27.

While carbon fiber was found as frequently as wood, this event is truly "run what you bring." I have a training program planned already, although it seems that virtually all of the competitors were somewhat thinner than I am. My guess is that you cannot do this recreationally, you need to finish within a race limit of seven hours, so 12oz curls would not be an effective training regimen.

This year's challenge was marked by fog for the majority of the race so compass, maps, and GPS are essential tools.

The best places to watch the race are at Halibut Point State Park (on the north end of the course where contestants pass within 100 yards of rocky overlook), the Bass Rocks area, and the finish line which is within sight of the Fisherman's Monument in Gloucester. Most other vantage points require binoculars to follow the racers' progress.

Anyone up for a five-hour row next summer?

(Check out these web-links for more on the race and the Saquish Rowing teams:

<http://www.blackburnchallenge.com/>
<http://saquishrowingeducationsocietyinc.org/>

An elegant Whitehall built the Platt Monfort way, Dacron skin over light wooden frames and stringers stressed tight with Kevlar strands.



The Saquish Rowing Education Society fielded several 26' gigs including *Mike Jenness Sr*, named in memory of the father of the builder of the gigs, Mike Jr.



We arrived at the Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, launch ramp on Thursday afternoon prior to Saturday, July 18, the day of the Edey & Duff, Ltd 40th anniversary boatyard party. We spent the night on a borrowed mooring across the harbor near where Peter Duff used to keep his Shearwater.

The next morning's light fog soon burned off and we had a nice light air sail around the corner to the east into Aucoot Cove, the location of E&D and the site of Saturday's racing. After lunch I rowed in to E&D to see who was about. Moby Nick and Gayle Scheuer with Shearwater *True North* were due that afternoon.

A nice surprise was to find John Zohlen peeking into buildings and looking at boats with hospitable E&D employee Dan Rowe. We saw two Doughdishes under construction and a few other E&D boats under repair or restoration. We wound up on the front porch of the E&D office talking among ourselves and with others who happened by to visit. I eventually tore myself away and rowed back to *Ardea*.

Saturday morning brought an equally nice day. After breakfast I rowed back in to the boatyard. But no *True North*. Turns out they had been held up by wheel bearing failure and arrived at the Mattapoisett ramp late. David Davignon was there at E&D and had made coffee. A second nice surprise was to see Bob Trzcinski drive into the yard. He had picked up his Dovekie sail from Harding. After talking for a while, I rowed back out to *Ardea* for lunch and to start getting ready for the race, which was to start at 1300.

We were fortunate to have both John Zohlen and Bob Trzcinski agree to sail with us. David Davignon brought John and Bob out to us on the committee boat on his way to the starting line. At about this time, *True North* came into Aucoot Cove from Mattapoisett under power and anchored. She was not completely rigged because of a late arrival and would not be ready in time for the race. The two Shearwaters were the only Shallow Water Sailor entries.

Each fleet was to start at ten-minute intervals. A nice fleet of Doughdishes, the beautiful E&D fiberglass reproduction of the N.G. Herreshoff 12½, was to start first. The Stone Horses would go next. We would start with one Stuart Knockabout and a Sakonnet. The Stuart Knockabout is E&D's reproduction of a beautiful 28' keel-centerboard open daysailer designed by L. Frances Herreshoff ages ago for the Stuart family. The boat sails like the wind and is pure joy to watch. The Sakonnet is a more recent design by the late Joel White, a 23' keel-centerboard open daysailer built by E&D. The E&D Beetle whaleboats were to start a rowing race after the sailboats started.

So off we went at the starting signal in pursuit of the Stone Horses, which had started ten minutes ahead of us carrying full sail in a good Buzzards Bay breeze. The Stuart Knockabout with two people on board had put in a single reef. The Sakonnet was carrying full sail. We were carrying full main and mizzen but no jib, with four people on the rail. We had more wind than last year and felt fully powered up without the jib.

It was a beautiful day with plenty of wind and it was pure joy to be out there with the other boats. As we neared the finish line it seemed that we had gained a little on the last of the Stone Horses, finishing sixth out of seven in our group of boats which included

E&D's 40th Anniversary Boatyard Party

By Harry Mote

the Stone Horses. The Stuart Knockabout had finished either ahead of the Stone Horses or up among the leaders.

As we finished, the whaleboats were finishing their rowing race and it was fun to watch the oarsmen pulling hard to the eager commands of their coxswains. To the best of my recollection the first batch of E&D whaleboats were built to the Beetle family whaleboat design as training boats for the Saudi navy. The boats that competed this day were owned and rowed by rowing clubs from the area.

One of the interesting things about the racing day was how the Doughdishes, which started first, essentially disappeared around the race course ahead of the Stone Horses and the rest of us. This performance was a tribute to the speed and seaworthiness of this little 16' gaff-rigged keelboat with a 12½' waterline.

Happy sailors and rowers then went ashore to a condo clubhouse adjacent to the boatyard property where we all sat around talking and eating hot dogs, hamburgers, and other good stuff while David Davignon commemorated E&D's 40th and presented to the winner of the Stone Horse race the annual Builder's Cup, among other prizes. He even dusted off the Shallow Water Sailor Award and presented it to Harry Mote for winning last year's Stone Horse race. *Ardea's* crew of last year included Alice as well as Lee and Katie Martin. John Zohlen immediately reminded us of the award's traditional requirement to bring a case of beer to the next Spring Cruise. Hope Lee and Katie can make the 2010 Spring Cruise to have a beer with us.

We thank Edey & Duff and staff for their wonderful hospitality and we thank John Zohlen and Bob Trzcinski for sailing with us and making a great day of sailing even greater. A fabulous day. While we were sailing, *True North's* crew completed rigging and getting their Shearwater ready to sail. After the boatyard party we were off for a cruise of the islands of southern Massachusetts for a week or so.

True North's Search For Speed Under Sail

Moby Nick Continues the Story

By Nick Scheuer

Glancing back over my shoulder, I could hardly believe our position a full hundred yards in front of *Ardea*. We had started in the middle of Mattapoisett Harbor, abeam, *True North* perhaps fifty yards leeward of *Ardea*, close hauled, bound straight for Hadley's Harbor. The wind was about fifteen knots, gusting to eighteen, and there were whitecaps. *Ardea* had set her mainsail with a single reef and her mizzen. *True North* flew her full main and working jib, with mizzen furled. Differences in their rigs resulted in both boats having virtually the same sail area. *Ardea* is a cat yawl, as Phil Bolger originally designed her, though she has a small genoa in her in-

ventory that is used in light air. *True North* is the only Shearwater rigged as a yawl, with a smaller mainsail set on a mast standing farther aft in order to create a fore triangle large enough for substantial jibs.

The Moby Skipper could recall many times past, sailing in company with *Ardea*, when such a commanding position had been downright impossible. But our Shearwater has been refitted with a number of performance enhancing upgrades over the last several years, each one designed to match *Ardea's* proven rig and gear. I had added 400lbs of lead ballast under the sumptuous seats, purchased a new mainsail from Harding which features a roached leech supported by three battens, built a set of asymmetric laminar flow foil leeboards, and most recently, removed *True North's* bow centerboard case.

It should be pointed out that Shearwater, as well as her smaller predecessor, Dovekie, were designed to have mainsails cut with a hollow leech in order to be furled vertically against their masts. *Ardea* and *True North* both have replacement mainsails featuring a moderate roach supported by three battens for added sail area and more efficient shape. These newer mains are furled horizontally, *True North's* on a sprit-boom; *Ardea's* on a new conventional boom.

Both Shearwaters were burdened with dinghies. *Ardea* towed her double-ended dory while *True North* had the Eastport Pram, *Due South*, dancing in her wake.

Onward down Buzzards Bay raced the pair of Shearwater yawls, sheets taut, spray flying, and the gap only grew wider. When *Ardea* broke away near Hadley's for her approach to the anchorage, we were fully 400 yards dead ahead of her, though the steering of our vessel had been a bit casual at times.

Later, sharing a beer with Harry in our cockpit, I asked whether he's been sailing as fast as he could. "Pretty much," was his reply. "With our added ballast, new mainsail, and leeboards, our boats were evenly matched for the conditions". At various times over subsequent days, *Ardea* would reestablish her record for fast sailing. However, the days when her VMG to windward is one iota better than ours are history.

A boy and girl rowed by in a dinghy offering lobster for \$10 apiece. Knowing that our pot size was extremely limited, I inquired whether they might have a small one for \$5. When asked again about the price, he said they'd rather get \$10. I extended some bills with, "How 'bout the small one for \$8?". He silently passed over the wiggling lobster, our first ever procured over the rail on a cruise. It was quite good! We employed a pair of pliers and a Channel-lock wrench from the tool kit to crack it open. Somehow I forgot to show Gayle how to hypnotize a lobster, something I learned from a Master Sergeant cook in the Army many years ago.

This was our first cruise with a dog, too. Ginger is a two-year-old medium-size mixed breed female we got from PAWS just six months ago. She had never been in a boat prior to a brief introduction in the Shearwater and the pram a couple of weeks earlier. We are happy to report that her behavior both aboard and ashore was outstanding at all times. Alice even wanted to invite Ginger for a "doggie sleepover" in *Ardea*.

We had worried about her jumping overboard. However, her only swim happened when we tied up at the dinghy float for the

party at Edey & Duff and Ginger took advantage of a brief moment of freedom as Gayle was changing the leash from DFD (dog flotation device) to collar. Ginger just trotted to the end of the float, gracefully jumped off, and began swimming out toward some geese we had passed on our way in. Ginger abandoned her swim when Gayle called her. Ginger rode amicably in the truck on a special carpeted platform atop a pair of Rubbermaid bins in the back of our Club Cab. We will definitely take her cruising again.

On our second day we motored through the passage at Woods Hole at slack tide and continued motoring across Vineyard Sound to Lake Tashmoo. Then we ferried ashore in our dinghies for a walk over the hill to Vineyard Haven. One highlight was a look at the Gannon & Benjamin Boatyard and Marine Railway situated near the famous Black Dog Restaurant.

Later Harry suggested a more secluded anchorage for the night at the east side of the lake near the entrance. Rain was forecast through the following day, clearing the day after that, so a "rain day" was declared. Gayle and I went into Vineyard Haven again with Ginger. She loves meeting people everywhere and is good about lying at our feet

at sidewalk cafes. This rain day dashed our hope of reaching Nantucket, which perhaps was just as well, because rather unsettled weather was still in the forecast over the next several days.

We enjoyed a fine light air sail around West and East Chops to Edgartown. In a discussion with the Harbormaster *Ardea* was advised that our objective, Katama Bay, was "closed" to anchoring. I had particularly wanted to see the new opening to the sea along the south shore, but it was this very opening that had complicated tidal currents in the bay, and prompted the closing. Apparently it is still "open" as a harbor of refuge in a north wind.

Overall we found the Harbormaster very hospitable. When he piloted the potty pumpout boat to our raft-up mooring, he started by offering a dog biscuit to Ginger. And when Alice expressed shock over the price of a mooring ball, he offered it free, apparently to make up for our disappointment at not being permitted to stay in Katama Bay. *True North* rafted up to *Ardea* on the same ball. Such a deal!

In the afternoon we ferried ashore in our dinghies for a look at the streets of Edgartown. We noticed that most people do not use

oars to propel their dinghies, many of which are inflatables, which always row badly; such a shame that this element of seamanship is slipping into disuse. Nonetheless, we able seamen in Edey & Duff boats carry on in the spirit of the dauntless Dovekie, as well as the whaleboats that had raced in Aucoot Cove three days earlier.

Next morning the weather forecast offered just one day before we might encounter 7' seas, so we set out for Mattapoisett, with a lunch stop planned at Woods Hole. *Ardea* decided to sail back to Lake Tashmoo to weather the storm closer to Mattapoisett. Upon our arrival in Mattapoisett it began to rain lightly. Not wanting to put the boat on her trailer and take our rig that evening, we elected to take a mooring for the night. The storm arrived on schedule in full force, making for a singularly uncomfortable night.

Our cruise in Vineyard Sound had been short because Gayle and I were to fly to Norway in early August and we needed a few days to batten down the house before departure. However short it had been good to sail again in company with Harry and Alice and their wonderful Shearwater *Ardea*. The chase has been rich in the lore of sailing.



Even though the rain kept most casual visitors at bay, this year's Philadelphia Wooden Boat Festival seemed to attract more boats than last year. There was quite a line-up of TSCA members and trailers waiting for their boats to be lifted into the basin. Wendy and Pete Byar brought their Salisbury skiff, Mike Wick his melonseed, Phil Maynard his Curlew, Ron Gibbs his Celebrity, Ted Kilsdonk his Oracle row boat, Tom Shephard sailed his tuck-up across the river from Gloucester, New Jersey, Pete Peters brought his duck-er, and Michael Bill trailered his strip-built rowboat for a land-based display. The ISM splashed a handful of boats from its livery, including a sneakbox, a two-masted garvey, and a sharpie.

The museum uses an interesting method to launch visiting small craft. A forklift, with a long boom instead of forks, raises the boat off the trailer, after which the car and empty trailer drive off to allow the lift to inch toward the water's edge. Access to the water requires the removal of a couple of bollards and chain barriers. During this process some-

The 2009 Philadelphia Wooden Boat Festival

By Andy Slavinskis

one twists and turns the hull to avoid hitting a lamp post. As Wendy's boat is one of the most maneuverable, she remained in her skiff to aid others in tying off.

Returning from last year was Roger Prichard's H28 and Rick Carrion's *Elf*. This year *Elf* was fully rigged and soon after the event she sailed northeast to be the feature boat at the WoodenBoat Show in Mystic.

One of the main attractions for boat enthusiasts was the recent launching of *Silent Maid*, a B-cat built in the Workshop on the Water. She was still taking up and did not yet

have her impressive mainsail laced on, but for those of us who volunteered on her construction there was a sense of achievement in seeing her afloat. I'm always impressed by how 10,000lbs of boat can press intently and heavily on a shop floor, only to dance and skip on the water days later. For me this is one of the most anticipated characteristics of a boat. Even though *Silent Maid's* deck fittings, hatch coverings, and cockpit seats were unfinished, I could envision her single massive sail filling with an assertive crack and a bow wave pointing at her varnished planks and sheer.

Though the rain came down for most of the day, most of the TSCA crowd didn't hesitate to take to the river. Small craft boaters are used to getting wet so it seemed a simple matter of tying in a reef and heading into the chop.

We're glad the museum makes this annual effort. John Brady and staff lent a generous hand in launching our boats and provided lunch and dinner. We hope to return the favor, perhaps we'll finally get to painting that tuck-up for next year...



John Brady lowering Wendy's skiff into the basin outside the Workshop on the Water. Later that morning, Wendy helped the other boats and their skippers tie up.

Ron Gibbs in his *Celebrity* demonstrating why sailing the Delaware requires eyes on the back of one's head and why one should hesitate to call starboard tack.



Just launched by the Workshop on the Water, *Silent Maid* was not yet rigged to join the assembled fleet.

Wendy Byar aids Phil Maynard in tying off while Mike Wick waits in the background.





I had often said that the idea of crouching under a boom tent on an extended cruise was unappealing, but reading about dinghy cruising, especially articles by Jim Michalak, John Welsford, and Matt Layden as well as books by Charles Stock, John Glasspool, and Frank and Margaret Dye, had given me the bug. In past years I had day sailed the parts of Penobscot Bay that can be reached in a day from Belfast, a little way up the river, across the bay to Castine, and south as far as Lincolnville, in my 17' O'Day Daysailer, but I wanted a real cruise, covering as much of Penobscot Bay and the surrounding waters as I could manage in the eight days I had. This was to be my first experience of dinghy cruising.

The trip was to be made with no engine, of course, and with no electronics or VHF radio. I was getting ready to bring a handheld GPS that a friend had given me, thinking it might be handy in a fog, but when I turned it on it did what I had always suspected it might do when I needed it most, went around and around "acquiring satellites" and never acquired any. So I left it home. All navigation was done by compass, chart, and lead and when the wind died, I rowed.

Wednesday, 1 July: Belfast Harbor to Cradle Cove, Seven Hundred Acre Island

I got down to the harbor later than I had intended, the bearings on the trailer needed a last-minute greasing. Nonetheless I was able to get rigged and launched at the Belfast ramp by 1000hrs. The wind was east 5-10kts with showers and fog. I sailed out of Belfast Bay on the ebb tide. Right away I saw a dolphin and a while later a big loon swam close by.

The wind was not forecast to come west for a few days so I decided to get what westing I could early in the trip. By noon I was off Bayside and spotted a small fleet of Daysailers under sail for a kids' summer sailing program. As I sailed by, the kids complimented me on my boat and I told them I was bound for Bar Harbor. At this point in the trip I had no idea if I could make it that far, but it would give them something to think about.

The wind came south with the afternoon sea breeze and, beating down the Bay in the

A Dinghy Cruise of Penobscot Bay and Points East

By Chris Mullins

drizzle, I realized that I was not going to make a remarkable distance this first day's run and so cast about for an anchorage for the night. The next day's forecast was east 10-15 becoming southeast by evening. I wanted to set myself up for a fair wind passage in the morning.

I sailed down the shoreline of Isleboro till I got to Seven Hundred Acre Island, then ducked inside and anchored at Cradle Cove. I set up the boom tent and made a pot of lentils and rice. I saw a grey seal and later a huge fleet of baby ducks swam by.

Thursday, 1 July: Cradle Cove to Camden, then Rockland

At dawn the visibility was zero but it lifted to half a mile which would be good enough. I got underway at 0600 and sailed out of the harbor on an easterly breeze. As I sailed south past the Ensign Islands the fog shut down to a quarter mile or less and I set my course westward toward Camden Harbor. Between the ebb current and the best course down wind, and not wanting to miss Camden, I steered to the north. At 0830 the Camden Hills were sighted close ahead and I turned south.

I could barely see the bow of my own boat so I hugged the shore. Soon schooners began to appear out of the fog and I followed one into the harbor. I tied to the town dock and went ashore to purchase an alarm clock but needn't have bothered. Once I was underway the clock was found not to keep time.

I set sail again and, the wind having come more northerly, ran down the coast to Rockland Harbor. A storm was forecast for the evening and I wanted a snug anchorage. The harbor master was very kind and gave me a mooring off his dock free of charge.

Friday, 3 July: Rockland to Carver Cove, Vinalhaven Island via Fox Island Thorofare

It was a wild night on Rockland Harbor. The storm broke around midnight with wind and rain falling as hard as it ever falls. The boat was rocked and blown around, even in the sheltered spot next to the town dock. I kept waiting for some dam to break and a river of water to pour on my sleeping bag, but the tent held and I was dry all night. In the morning I pumped a lot of water out of the boat but nothing had gotten wet.

The fog remained thick and the wind in the east so I tied to the town dock and went ashore to await a change. I walked along the main street and the waterfront admiring the shops and boats. By 1000 the sky began to lighten and the wind to shift so I hurried back to the town dock and got underway. At first I could not set my course to windward so I bore off to the north, expecting the wind to free and the ebb tide to carry me south. Sure enough, the wind veered southerly so at length I could steer east but the fog shut down to half a mile again.

About the time I was wondering if I was getting near the beach, a yacht hove out of the fog and hailed me. It was a pretty old sloop about 25' on deck with a couple onboard. We exchanged greetings and I told them I was making for Fox Island Thorofare and asked how I was doing. "One hundred and fifty degrees and two miles ahead to the green bell," came the reply. This was a little south of my course as I had intended. "Why don't you follow us in?" they asked, but I couldn't match their speed under engine nor could I steer quite 150°.

The current bore me along and steering 120° I got there just the same. Once inside the Thorofare the fog began to lift and a parade of schooners came out of the fog, sailing west for Rockland and Camden. I sailed through the mooring field at North Haven and saw many nice little boats and some big ones. I looked into Perry Creek, where a lot of yachts were anchored, and into Seal Cove, where there were none. I decided to head on to Carver Cove where I anchored all alone at the head

of the cove among the rocks and pines. The sound of a little stream emptying into the cove was at first disconcertingly loud but soon became comforting and I slept well.

Saturday, 4 July: Carver Cove to North Haven, then to Bass Harbor, Mt Desert Island via Deer Island Thorofare and Casco Passage

By dawn the fog had again shut down completely and the wind was still so I rowed into North Haven. Being the Fourth of July holiday everything was closed on the waterfront, but I walked to a store a mile and a half out of town and bought some onions and a bag of cherries. Almost everyone I encountered waved and smiled and those I spoke with were pleasant. An artist was painting pictures of the town and had a show in the local gallery.

When I got back to the harbor I found that the fog had lifted and the wind had begun to fill in from the west. I sailed off the dock and out the eastern end of Fox Island Thorofare. After a while I was becalmed but the wind came back and I crossed Isle Au Haut Bay toward Deer Island Thorofare. The wind began to build and soon I was making great time running down to Mark Island. As I approached the buoy the fog shut down to less than a quarter mile.

The west end of Deer Island Thorofare is a tricky spot in a thick fog, and worse if you've never seen it before. Fortunately at just that time I spotted a boat under full sail coming into the Thorofare from the north. In it was a salty old guy with a long beard, some kind of a cap, and smoking a pipe. The vessel he steered was a Seabird yawl named *Gull*, built in the late 1800s.

He never wavered, just sailed straight off into the fog. I dropped my jib to let him pass ahead of me and then followed him right into the Thorofare. "Here's a man who looks like he knows what he's doing," I said and I was right. Anyway, if he piled her up I would be there to render assistance, but you don't sail around looking like that in a hundred-year-old boat if you're not the real item.

Up ahead was a Cape Dory 36, a beautiful expensive boat, steering all over the place, no doubt following an electronic chart plotter and motoring in a fair breeze. I wouldn't follow that guy for anything. I followed the old man into Stonington where the fog cleared and the view became spectacular.



The Sea Bird went her own way, off among the hundreds of islands south of the Thorofare, and I continued east toward Jericho Bay. The wind held fair, and I steered for the bell buoy at the west end of Casco Passage.

An evil-looking bank of clouds which had been following me for some time overtook me on my port side just as I was navigating the passage. The wind freed, which was good, but then became altogether too strong. I dropped all sail and ran for a while under bare pole, steering east across Blue Hill Bay. As the storm passed to the north the wind moderated and I raised the jib and ran toward Bass Harbor Light. I wanted to go right around the headland and into Somes Sound, but before I had reached the bar the wind fell off to nearly nothing. I reconsidered my plan and made for Bass Harbor.

This is a fishing port but I saw some masts way up the harbor and sailed toward them, ghosting in light air. The sun was setting as I approached the yacht club dock when suddenly a friendly-looking fellow appeared and waved to me, so I asked him where I might tie up out of the way. He said no one would mind if I stayed the night at the yacht club and he helped me with my lines.

Sunday, 5 July: Bass Harbor to Somesville, Head of Somes Sound, then Northeast Harbor

In the morning I made sail and ran down to Bass Harbor Bar where the water becomes shallow after having been deep. The breeze was fresh and I surfed in the little seas across the bar. The boat handled wonderfully in these conditions.

I turned north and sailed between Mt Desert and Great Cranberry Island. I sailed past Southwest Harbor and into Somes Sound, a fjord that runs up the middle of Mt Desert Island. The mountains and cliffs on the west side made for challenging sailing, diverting the wind all over the compass as I made my way up the sound, trimming, lowering, raising sail, or rowing. I tied to the dock at Somesville and went ashore briefly to stretch my legs, then went back to the harbor and made sail.

I had intended to sail for Blue Hill on a westerly wind but it was blowing more north than west, and anyway more wind than I wanted so I turned east toward Northeast Harbor. I ran into a bunch of my old navigation students at the dock and one introduced me to an older gentleman who offered me his mooring for the evening. "It held *Endeavor*, it'll hold you," he said.

The mooring was at the mouth of the harbor, a quiet place with a view of Cranberry Island and the sea beyond. The wind was still pretty fresh and although I briefly considered a night passage to Blue Hill, I quickly reconsidered once I had the sails up and got a little way from the land. I sailed back to the harbor and picked up the mooring. The moon rose full and it was calm under the lee of the shore.

Monday, 6 July: Northeast Harbor to Blue Hill Harbor

In the morning there was no wind and I rowed to the town dock to get a cup of coffee. Later in the morning the wind filled in from the east and I sailed off the dock and out of the harbor. After a while the wind died and I rowed a couple of miles until it filled back in, southeast becoming south. I rounded Bass Harbor Head and turned north up Blue Hill Bay.

The wind strengthened and soon I was running fast under full sail. The stern was leaving a wake like a powerboat and I felt she was becoming a little hard to handle. I pulled the centerboard part way up and the boat settled down, fast but steady. I made 14 miles in two hours.

I rounded the top of Long Island, sailed into the wind shadow of the trees, and used the calm spot there to drop the jib. I proceeded into Blue Hill Harbor under main alone. I worked my way into the far end where it gets shallow because I wanted to get a picture of the boom tent set up. When I got ready to let the mainsail down, I found it had gotten snagged on the topping lift and wouldn't come. I dropped anchor, freed the halyard, furled the sail, set up the tent, and took a nap. When I awoke the tide was dead low and I paddled to some rocks to get pictures of the boat.

Tuesday, 7 July: Blue Hill Harbor to Bucks Harbor via Eggmoggin Reach

By morning the wind was whistling so I reefed the mainsail before I got underway. The channel out of Blue Hill was difficult in an easterly wind with the tide already flooding and I was some time tacking between the ledges before I was able to get away. I bore off and sailed down the west side of Long Island on a broad reach.

Once out of the lee of Long Island the wind grew stronger and the waves bigger. Approaching the lighthouse off Brooklin Harbor I was down to just the jib, and that was plenty of sail. I was relieved to finally round the lighthouse and get into the shelter of Eggmoggin Reach. I had a fair tide and running off under jib alone was easy sailing so I continued on, taking it easy, not putting up any more sail. I had gotten damp and the air seemed cold and I began to feel a chill as I sailed into Buck's Harbor.

I tied up the boat and went ashore to get something warm in me. The Bucks Harbor Market was close by and a bowl of fish chowder brought me back from the edge of hypothermia. I got back to the boat in the pouring rain. I tied to a mooring, pumped out the boat, set up the tent, and turned in. All night long the rain poured down.





Wednesday, 8 July: Bucks Harbor to Belfast Harbor

In the morning it was still raining and I got dressed in all my warm clothes. I missed the wool sweater I'd decided not to pack and resolved to bring it next time. I pumped the boat out again and got underway, rowing in the rain. Outside the harbor I set the jib and ran out the west end of the reach and rounded Cape Rosier. The fog came in thick as I set a course for Turtle Head, but after a while the headland appeared out of the fog and I set a course for Belfast. Now I raised all sail and ran up Belfast Bay to the town dock, home again after 150 miles and eight days at sea.

This was my first dinghy cruising expedition and I was surprised to find that in all of the essentials it was as satisfying and nearly as comfortable as keelboat cruising. It had required more planning at the outset than I had done for a cruise in a long time because of the unfamiliar elements such as the boom

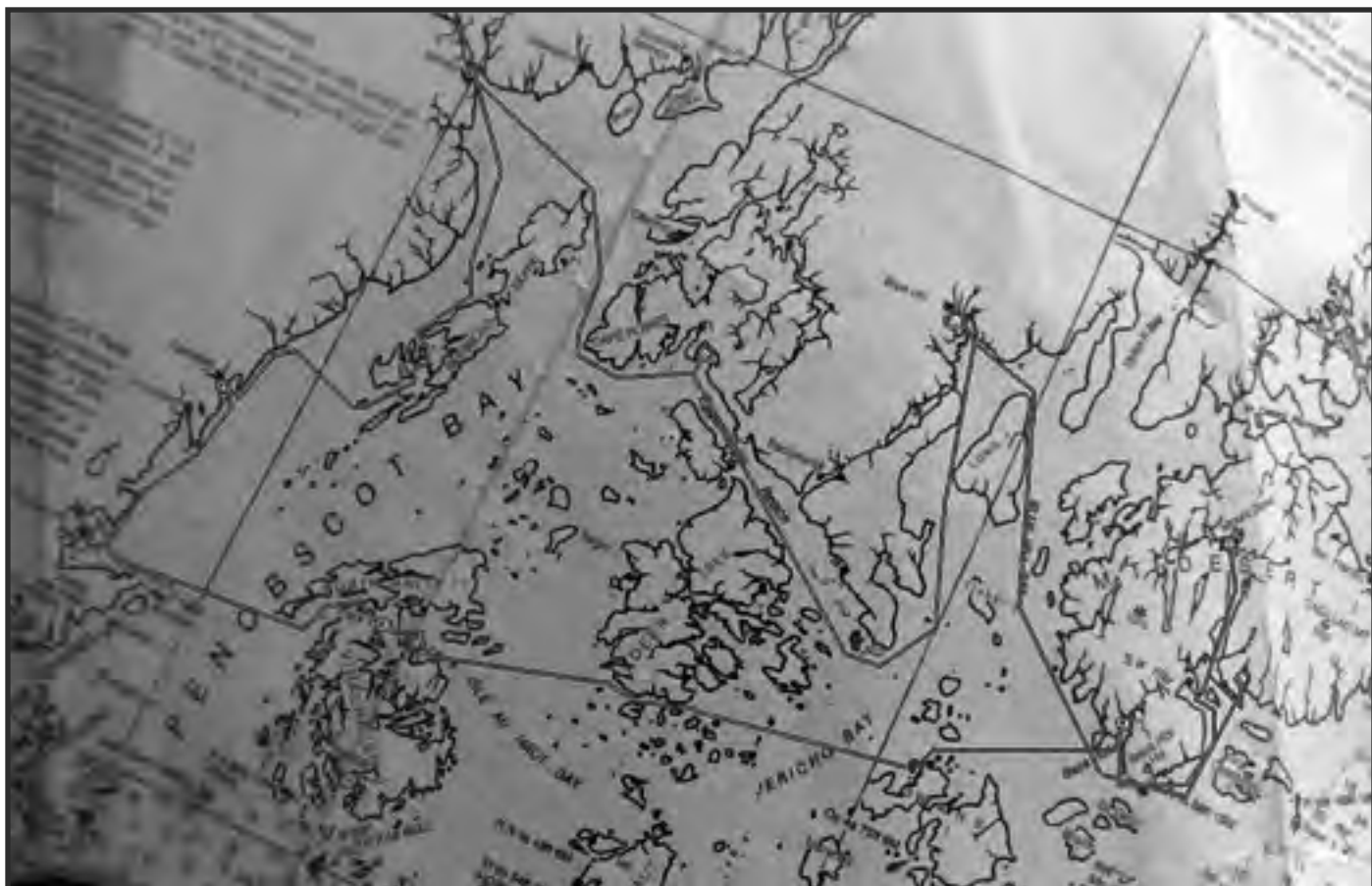
tent and dry bags. Soon a routine was established and the business of cruising was much the same as it had ever been.

Some things worked well. The bed, a raised platform on the port side bridging the gap between the seat and the forward flotation compartment, could not have been more perfect. My mattress, an army surplus ground mat, was a little hard but soon gotten used to and it was totally waterproof. The boom tent, two army shelter halves, was excellent and inexpensive. The dry bags, also army surplus, I lined with contractor-grade trash bags and nothing in them got damp. A jib downhaul and topping lift which I had installed last year and a bungee chord I rigged for the tiller were invaluable. The oars were utterly reliable.

Some things did not work as well. The stove, a single burner propane stove by Coleman, worked fine but proved to be tippy. A bracket was needed to hang it from the centerboard trunk but I did not have the materi-

als with me and so had to suffer with it. The waterproof chart turned out to be a waste of money. I was much better served by my paper chart book which I was able to keep under shelter and out of the rain. One thing I would like to add for the next cruise would be either a storm jib or a set of reef points for the jib I have.

There had been rain, fog, and wind, one memorable storm, clear days, calms, and big seas. There were boats of all kinds cruising these waters, birds, marine mammals, and a few insects. The scenery was so beautiful that I will have to leave it to some poet to describe it, but I will say that coming out of the fog off Stonington topped about anything else I've seen in all the years I've been sailing. On the whole, I found dinghy cruising to be more fun and much less expensive than yachting. I had the time of my life and lost nearly 15 pounds from the fresh air and unaccustomed exercise.





Having read several articles in your magazine about boating on the Erie Canal, I wanted to try it myself. My first thought was to kayak/camp as others had done, but I was unable to find an available paddling partner. A camping friend and I determined that if we upgraded from tents our wives might be interested. So we looked into boat rentals and booked a 42' motor launch from Mid-Lakes Navigation Co with two bedrooms, two toilets, one shower, and a galley and our wives came on board.

We rented the *Otisco II* from a Sunday to Sunday in June. Instruction in operating the vessel took only an hour or so, turning on and shutting off the engine, monitoring the engine compartment for problems, the helm controls, water supply, cable hook-ups, and electrical supply. Steering was the most challenging operation. Holding the tiller to steer the boat in the middle of the canal was easy, but the launch is also equipped with a bow-thruster to facilitate moving a 42' boat sideways in the locks to hug up to a wall. Working the forward speed, tiller, and bow-thruster all together to achieve this was tricky, even after doing it a few times. Once we demonstrated to our Mid-Lakes instructor that we were somewhat competent and his deciding we weren't total fools in general, he hopped off the boat and we were on our way.

We decided beforehand to alternate daily control of the helm between couples (a good idea) to prevent struggles for the tiller and control of the vessel. The canal is amply wide and there is only a slight current from west to east. Maximum speed of the boat is 6mph. Mid-Lakes told us that most renters head west from their boatyard at Macedon toward Buffalo, attracted by the small canal-side towns along that route with tie-up facilities, shopping, and restaurants. We decided to start out eastbound, our goal being Seneca Falls at the top of Lake Seneca, through the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge, a more rural environment.

The procedure through the locks is as follows: When in sight of a lock, call ahead on the VHF on board (or your portable VHF if you have one), requesting passage eastbound or westbound. Traffic on the canal was light all week so we never had to wait long

Seven Days On the Erie Canal

By George Frode

for a reply or permission to advance, depending on whether or not there was a vessel coming from the other direction or the lockmaster was busy mowing the lawn (all of the dock parks were immaculate) or tending to other duties. All the lockmasters we encountered were friendly, sometimes humorous, and helpful. Once we got approval to advance, the gates began to open in front of us. Then motor into the canal and come alongside one side of the lock walls or another and grab the hanging ropes, one of our crew fore and one aft. Watch the water in the lock rise or fall and, when the gates in front open, motor out.

Our first night was spent in Palmyra where there is a docking area (no electrical or water hook-ups) just below the local fire station, which makes its very clean toilet and shower facilities available to boaters. The firemen on duty were welcoming and we stopped here again overnight returning westbound. There weren't any eateries nearby but we had brought enough food to cook most breakfasts, lunches, and a few dinners aboard without shopping. Otherwise there is grocery shopping within walking distance of every overnight stop we made, except for Seneca Falls.

The boat's galley is spacious, equipped with electric stove and small refrigerator (bring a cooler or two for more space). A wooden table opens out to seat four comfortably. The entire interior of our Lockmaster craft was tastefully paneled in knotty pine, spacious in general, with enough storage to accommodate all the extra stuff we brought and didn't use. The boat was clean, well maintained, and laid out conveniently.

The next morning we motored east through the wildlife refuge and saw many heron and a few bald eagles along the way. My friend and I had brought fishing gear and bought worms and a New York State license at the Macedon WalMart. We did catch a few small perch, sunfish, and carp along the way

but most of our fishing was desultory and fruitless. The approach to Seneca Falls involves a double-lock of about 50', which was somewhat daunting but fun. Seneca Falls, I'm afraid, was disappointing with most everything closed on a weekday afternoon and signs of economic troubles not uncommon in upstate New York.

A man and his wife, whom we had met at the tie-up in Palmyra, were also docked at Seneca Falls. He had a large modern cruiser and was headed for Florida. A friendly fellow, to say the least, he visited our boat in the morning with rolls and blueberry muffins he had baked himself on board.

Canal travel is leisurely, given the maximum speed of the boat. We heard of other boat renters who abandoned ship before the first day of their week was over. Often the scenery is wooded and can become somewhat tedious, with cottages here and there or abandoned relics of the original canal. East of Macedon is a small park with stonework from the original canal, narrower than the current version but remarkable for its craftsmanship. Our wives brought plenty of games in case the days motoring were boring but I don't recall we ever played them. Like camping, there are always plenty of satisfying chores on a boat to keep one busy. Otherwise, watch the shore roll by, look at the birds, think, or find a quiet, sunny spot on board for a nap or a book.

Caution: Be sure to agree among your party beforehand just how leisurely you want to be. We had a disagreement partway through the trip about whether or not we were lounging around too long at breakfast dockside instead of getting underway.

Westbound now past the starting point of Macedon, we detoured north off the canal into the Genesee River to Rochester. Mooring at Cook's Hill near a manicured neighborhood of stately homes, we walked to Dinosaur Ribs for a great barbecue supper in a country and western setting. A free city rock concert later that night near our mooring made us glad (for our sake) that it began to rain and helped damp down after-concert activities. Speaking of rain, it was forecast every day of our trip in June, and it did rain almost every night while we slept, but we

never needed rain gear during the day. One of your other canal reporters recommended June and September as the best months for canal travel because of the cool weather and scarcity of bugs. June was fine for both, this year anyway.

We stayed overnight in Fairport, which has good boating facilities. A word about noise. Remember that the railroad replaced the canal as an east-west transportation link and the railway is not too far from the canal and still in use, all night long, with the attendant horn blasts as it passes through towns. Other noise hazards are the steel highway bridges across the canal in some towns. Passing cars make quite a racket, try to dock as far away as you can. You can really tie up for the night anywhere along the canal if you want to rough it. You can also camp at most of the lock parks, if you are canoeing or kayaking, with permission. Each canal park we saw was lovely.

Our next stop west was the Brockport landing, including a pretty park (free bicycle rentals), bathroom facilities, and helpful volunteer staff. We happened to meet a former mayor of the town who explained that she lost re-election because of the town money

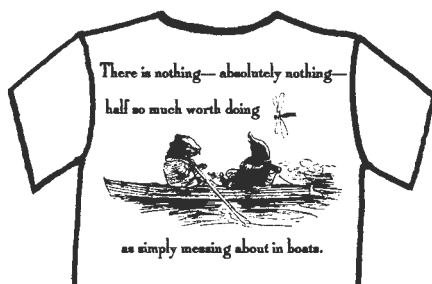


she appropriated for the park. Mid-Lakes had provided us with four bikes (parked on the roof of the boat) and we pedaled down the canal bike path to Holley and back. If you plan to bike, note that the bikeway does not always stay right along the canal, consult the New York State Canalway Trail brochure. Brockport has a great Greek restaurant on Main Street.

Boats are due back by 9am on the due date, which was a bother since we had better be pretty close to home base, if not already there, the night before. Beginning departure from Mid-Lakes is officially 2pm on the start date which gives you time in the morning to load your gear and take your instruction. Driving to Macedon from Boston, we decided to overnight the day before in Barneveld, New York, about five hours from Boston and one hour from Macedon.


I believe the Erie Canal is off the chart for most boating vacationers. Boaters we met confirmed that even in the height of summer it is not busy. For us, it was an unusual and pleasant week on the water. Reading a little history of the rise and fall of the canal will add to your appreciation of this boating experience.

If you go: We very much liked Mid-Lakes Navigation Co, (800) 545-4318, www.midlakesnav.com, but there are other boat rentals, depending on where you want to begin. Check out www.nyscanals.gov. The *Cruising Guide to the New York State Canal System* is also very handy. We liked our B&B in Barneveld, the Sugarbush Inn, www.sugarbush-bb.com. For more information, www.canals.state.ny or www.nps.gov.



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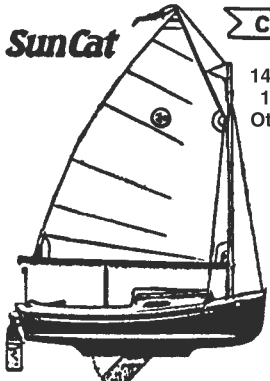
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This is a summation of the six month sailing cruise I recently made in a West Wight Potter 19, *Jitterbug*. The trip began on November 1, 2008, at my waterfront home in Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey, and ended on May 2, 2009, at the same location, for a total of six months, two days, and GPS distance of 4,367 (statute) miles. I had no intention of writing about the experience because I believe that one is influenced (acts differently) knowing that their actions, and decisions, will later be recorded. At least I found that to be the case while making long canoe journeys a few years back.

However, it has been pointed out that others have aided me through their writing and that I have an obligation to do the same. I certainly benefited from "Cruising the Bahamas in a Potter 19" by Bill Combs and "Chubby Commutes to Hawaii" by Bill Teplov. Stories like these get the juices flowing and highlight the possibilities of small boat cruising. Hopefully this account will be of some merit to my fellow sailors.

Background

I had only been sailing for about six years, first with sailing canoes and later with a series of small day sailers ranging in size from 14' to 19'. I think the learning curve is accelerated through canoe sail racing with the ACA (American Canoe Association). My last big boat prior to *Jitterbug* was a 19' Drascombe lugger which I sailed for several weeks along the coast of Maine, taking advantage of the MITA (Maine Island Trail Association) access to camping. What a great trip! The lugger is certainly a seaworthy craft and a real "looker," but the absence of a cabin left me (literally) out in the cold on many occasions. A boom tent does not fully protect one from the elements, or from mosquitoes.

So I began the search for something better suited to an aging sailor like myself. Requisites were; a roomy cabin, seaworthy, trailerable and beachable, in short, a West Wight Potter. Since most of my sailing would be done on large bodies of salt water, I opted for the BIG 19 rather than smaller 15 (<http://www.westwightpotter.com/>).

Potters are currently manufactured in California by International Marine so not many find their way to the East Coast. This, combined with the fact that they don't change hands too often, made finding a used boat difficult.

After three months of searching the internet I finally found one being auctioned on eBay. I contacted the seller several times by email and telephone before deciding the boat was worth a reasonable bid and the long, long, long drive from New Jersey to Birmingham, Alabama, for pick-up. A week later *Jitterbug*, a 1997 model, was parked in my driveway.

Cooking unit and folding bicycle



Jitterbug

A West Wight Potter 19 Takes a Cruise

By John Depa

The Boat

Every new owner feels obligated to do "something" to make the boat more personal. However, I resisted the urge until after I had sailed her a few times to determine needed changes before drilling holes or buying new gear. The boat was little used by the previous owner but he kept it in ship-shape condition.

He had added:

New full batten mainsail by North Sails (only hoisted once)

Padded rail covers

New Bimini top

New sink water pump

New Max Burton portable stove

New docking fenders

New Danforth #8 galvanized anchor

8hp Honda four-stroke outboard (short shaft)

New tiller (handle)

New teak hand rails (all four)

New SS telescoping ladder

New rubber floor mats in cabin and cockpit

Re-covered interior cabin cushions

15gal inflatable fresh water tank

Almost everything was purchased from the boat manufacturer. In addition, she was recently waxed and buffed, giving her the look of a new boat. *Jitterbug* had always been trailerable so I had to apply a coat of Inter-Protect and anti-fouling paint prior to launching her for an extended salt water dockage behind my house. After two shakedown cruises and the considerations of long distance solo sailing, I made the following additions/changes:

Replaced the standard jib with a CDI-1 furling 150 Genoa by North Sail (best decision I have ever made).

Replaced the short shaft Honda 8hp with a Nissan 6hp extra long 25" shaft with/alternator.

Replaced the (never used) Burton stove with a Coleman single burner propane because the cartridges are more readily available and less expensive.

Ran all control lines to the cockpit to facilitate safer solo sailing.

Purchased a Fortress FX-11 anchor, which was mounted on the bow rail, made a transom mounting bracket for the galvanized Danforth anchor to sit behind the transom ladder.

Added a second set of pintles to allow the rudder to be raised completely out of the water during beaching operations.

Purchased an Airies 10' inflatable kayak to be used as a dinghy.

Replaced the standing rigging and carried one each of the old wires as a spare, along with the original sails.

Purchased a Garmin 540s GPS plotter/depth sounder unit with an "in hull" transducer to avoid drilling holes in the transom.

Purchased five MapTech ChartKit books to cover the area from New York to Florida (both coasts) and the Bahamas, total weight is 17lbs.

Purchased a SPOT unit (satellite personal tracker) for safety (911 options) and to keep family and friends informed of my position.

Added a Porta-Potty for obvious reasons.

The Cruise South

I launched from my dock, located in Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey, on November 1, 2008 for what was to be a six-month cruise. *Jitterbug* was "loaded to the gills" with drinking water (20 gallons), food (enough for a month), clothing (all four seasons), fishing tackle, Airies kayak, snorkel gear, maps, charts, and various other provisions. My "Float Plan," if it could be called that, was to head south down the ICW with the intention of eventually landing at Key West with the possibility of a detour to the Bahamas. I intended to follow the advice of Lao-Tzu, "A good traveler has no fixed plans and is not intent on arriving." Being single and retired allows one the luxury of time. However, I kept open the option of bailing out at any point, which is one nice feature of a trailerable boat.

The first day took us ("us" being *Jitterbug* and I) across Great Bay to the ICW and on to Absecon Inlet where we took the outside ocean route to Egg Harbor Inlet, then inside again to Somers Point where a friend had arranged a free slip for the night. Bright sunshine and light westerly breezes made for a perfect sailing day, covering 33 miles by mid-afternoon. This was going to be so easy... right!

Next day was cold, raw, and windy, only to worsen over the next month. I did have the pleasure of hailing my first (of many) bridges for an opening. "This is the south-bound sailboat *Jitterbug*, calling to request an opening." I liked the sound of that, south-bound sailboat! We also spent our first night anchored off in Cape May, New Jersey.

Next day I had a sailor's dream trip (favorable wind and tide) through the Cape May Canal and up Delaware Bay to anchor for the night by the Salem nuclear plant. Night #4 was spent in Chesapeake City, Maryland, taking advantage of their hospitality and free dockage. I woke in the morning to learn that we had a new president, Obama. The next night found us in Rock Hall, Maryland, where I was again provided free dockage at the Waterman's Restaurant, after enjoying the best seafood buffet I have ever tasted.

On November 6 we had a SCA (small craft advisory) with north winds 20-30mph during which both *Jitterbug* and I were tested while on a downwind run under mainsail alone, negotiating following seas of 4-6'. Truth be known, I was caught off guard and feared turning into the wind to lower the main, so I just kept going until we reached Annapolis Harbor, where I breathed a sigh of relief and lowered the main. We continued on with a partially furled jib to Herring Bay for the night anchorage.

From that point on I never left the dock/anchor if wind predictions were 25mph or above, 15-20 was the max!! This was No-

New motor, anchor mount, and added pintles.





Sign reads "Key West or Bust."



Navigating the Dismal Swamp.

vember, I am sailing solo with water temperatures in the mid-50s and very few other boats on the bay. A capsized would surely end in death by hypothermia, so why even consider taking a chance? That being said, I still got caught with my pants down a few times due to faulty weather predictions.

Next day we traveled another 38 miles to Solomon Island, Maryland, where *Jitterbug* was again given free dockage. This late in the season cruiser traffic had dwindled and dockmasters seem to take kindly to such a small craft as the Potter. He looked at *Jitterbug* and said, "Hell, I can't charge you, we have dinghies bigger than that." While there, I visited the Calvert Museum which was well worth the time.

Three days later we reached the Hampton Public Docks for a day of rest. Dockage was only \$1/ft (no minimum size) with clean, hot showers (much needed by this time) and a free loaner bicycle which allowed me to tour the town and re-supply. This was our first "paid dockage," but by no means the last.

I should mention that the temperature had dropped drastically, dipping into the low 20s several nights. Always a problem, condensation became even more annoying when it froze on the cabin ceiling. Needless to say, I was very glad to have a down-filled sleeping bag rated for ZERO, wool socks, and a stocking cap. The only source of heat was a tea light candle. However, the cabin did heat up quickly in the morning while brewing tea with the propane stove. Still, we sometimes didn't hoist anchor until 9am when the outside temperature had warmed a bit. Keep moving south, John!!!

I should also mention that the Nissan outboard motor generated enough power to keep the 12volt battery charged almost the entire trip. We only used shore power one time, after an all-night sail with running lights and GPS. The masthead and cabin lights had been changed to LED to conserve energy. Biggest battery drain was the GPS, which was ON constantly. VHF radio is handheld and operates with six AA batteries.

Next point of interest was in Norfolk, Virginia, the location of buoy marker #36, which is the official start of the ICW mile markers, mile "0." Key West Bight Marina is the end, located at mile "1,243." Just beyond Norfolk the ICW splits into two possible routes, the older (more scenic) Dismal Swamp route or the newer Albemarle &

Chesapeake Canal route. We chose the Dismal Swamp and arrived at the lock entrance just in time for the last opening of the day. I was a bit nervous, this being my first lock-through, but the friendly lockmaster made the procedure a piece of cake. Three of us went through together and all moored at the free public dock for the night, there to await the drawbridge opening in the morning. The nearby town (another Chesapeake City) is just a short walk down the road so I treated myself to dinner.

Unfortunately the next day was marred with rain and drizzle which made the Dismal Swamp really dismal (pun intended), so we motored to the North Carolina Welcome Center where we were again treated to free dockage and true southern hospitality; free internet, clean restrooms, lounge area with a small library and book exchange, nearby hiking trail, and a free shuttle service for needed supplies.

The next morning two of us headed for Elizabeth City, North Carolina, which also provides free dockage, to wait out an SCA forecast before crossing the often hazardous Albemarle Sound. There are only nine boat slips at the Elizabeth City dock, but the friendly "Rose Buddies" (as they are called) will make room elsewhere for late arrivals. This is another city that bends over backwards to accommodate ICW cruisers. The "Rose Buddies" got their name because one of them would present a complimentary rose to each woman aboard ship. They will also provide a free shuttle to get needed supplies such as gas or propane. Everything else in town is within easy walking distance. This is Day 14 and *Jitterbug* has traveled a total of 440 miles, for a daily average of 31.4 miles.

The entire fleet remained at Elizabeth City for three more days, enduring heavy rain and gusty winds until we finally got a "window of opportunity" to cross some big, open waters. I was the first to leave the dock, at 6:30am in the chill of morning light, traveled ten miles down the Pasquotank River, 25 across Albemarle Sound, and then 19 more miles up the wide Alligator River to the mouth of the Pungo Canal, for a total of 54 miles just at dusk. Needless to say, we motorsailed all day and, even though first to leave, I was last to arrive.

The Potter 19 has a lot going for it but speed is definitely, positively, absolutely not one of its shining attributes. In fact, I only passed one boat (yes, just one) during the en-

tire six-month trip, and that particular craft was jury-rigged to look like a pirate ship, with sails so out of balance that it could barely make headway. By this time I was used to being the fleet slowpoke and happily exchanged waves while playing hopscotch with the others. We were usually the first to hoist anchor in the morning and last to set anchor for the night, so *Jitterbug* became well known and respected among the southbound cruisers as a tenacious little craft.

The narrow Pungo canal required 100% motor power but we later got to sail a section of the river, at least for a while, until the wind turned gusty and "on the nose," at which point we anchored for the night in a sheltered cove. Next day was more of the same with a rough ride across Pamlico Sound into Goose River. Very cold night, 22°, and had to start early in the morning to traverse the big Neuse River before winds picked up. Arrived at Oriental, North Carolina, at noon, after only 19 miles for the day, and tied to the city's free dock (last such amenity) to once again wait out strong winds. While there I met cruisers from several other boats and we became friends over the weeks and months to come.

Early next morning I made the four-mile crossing of the Neuse River and arrived at Morehead City, North Carolina, in time to beat the worst of a nor'easter that lasted two more days. I docked at Portside Marina (\$30 per night) where the owner was kind enough to give me a three-mile ride to the nearest Quality Inn hotel where I stayed two nights to dry out and warm my chilly bones. I enjoyed dining at local restaurants and caught up on laundry and supplies. It turned out that I would only spend two other nights "on shore," the remainder of the cruise was spent "aboard ship."

On November 24 the skies cleared enough for me to resume cruising and two days later I tied up at Barefoot Landing, South Carolina. The "Cruiser Guide" listed it as a free dockage but they now charge \$1.75/ft with the only "facilities" being the public restrooms in the shopping complex, not much bang for the buck but it was late and this section of the ICW really is a "ditch" (very narrow canal) so I had no choice and paid the price.

November 27, Thanksgiving Day, found us on the Waccamaw River, South Carolina, after a 54-mile day of motoring with the jib. My holiday dinner was a can of Campbell's

Chunky Soup. Night temperatures were still near freezing and for the umpteenth time I chattered, "I left home a month too late... brrrr." Keep moving south, John!! Next day I stopped at McClellanville for gas and while there bought three pounds of fresh shrimp, right from the boat, for a total of \$8. I considered it a late Thanksgiving dinner. Anchored in the Harbour River, South Carolina, and caught a small redfish (released) just before dark.

Note: I tried fishing, both casting and trolling, on several occasions but only caught a few small striped bass (rock fish) in the Chesapeake. It was just too cold!

We arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, on November 30, a cold, windy afternoon. Stopped at the City Marina to learn that dockage was \$2/ft with a 35' minimum, or \$70 per night for little 19' *Jitterbug*. This is one of the things that irked me throughout the trip, a "MINIMUM CHARGE" based on a 30'-35' boat. On top of that, they wanted me to tie to the face dock, which was exposed to crashing waves from the tugboat traffic passing by. *Jitterbug* would have been reduced to a heap of battered fiberglass by morning so I bade them farewell and motored across the harbor to a lovely river anchorage on the leeward side of a park picnic area.

Next morning I got a slip at the Marriot Hotel, with a room, for just a few dollars more than City Marina wanted to charge for just dockage. The Marriot also provided a shuttle service into Center City where I took a long walk and had dinner. Next day found us anchored in the Dawho River, then on to Beaufort, South Carolina, where I tied to the City Courtesy Dock (daytime only) for a tour of the town and later anchored a few hundred yards off, amid a large fleet of other sailboats, for the night. On the following day we crossed the Georgia state line to an anchorage in front of the Bonaventure Cemetery, made famous by the book *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. Still cold, keep moving south, John!!

On December 5 we did another 54-mile day, which put us over the 1,000 mile GPS odometer reading, and anchored in Sapelo Sound, Georgia. Calm winds were a blessing while crossing the wide open sounds in Georgia. No ICW "ditch" here, the Georgia section is mostly comprised of natural rivers and sounds. Took an alternate route, Frederick Creek, around St Simon Island and encountered our first bout with mosquitoes during

the night. Next day we docked at Brunswick Marina, Georgia. This was December 7, a Sunday, and I learned that "Georgia is closed on Sunday." Very southern Baptist.

Forecast was for another bone-chilling night so I opted for a room at the Comfort Inn. This was the last hotel room for the remainder of the cruise, all subsequent nights were spent aboard *Jitterbug*. Next day was "sloppy" crossing St Andrew Sound but ended at a calm anchorage in Delaroché Creek, near St Mary, Georgia. Once there we spent five days alternating between day trips to "town" (St Mary's) and the Cumberland Island National Wildlife Area. Hiking there is fantastic with two daytime docks suitable for a dinghy or small boat like *Jitterbug*, while St Mary's has free daytime dockage at the public boat ramp.

Friends of mine were just completing a four-day canoe paddle in the upper St Mary River, so I paid for dockage at Land's Marina and arranged for a shuttle ride to meet them. We had a few laughs during the afternoon, but it was too cold for camping so I returned to *Jitterbug* for the night. Next morning, on December 13 (six weeks since leaving New Jersey), we crossed the Florida state line, sailed right by Fernandina Beach, and continued on to anchor for the night near Jacksonville Beach, Florida, where a huge regatta of various craft, brightly lit and decorated for Christmas, cruised by for over an hour just after dark.

The weather finally began to moderate this far south and I spent a pleasant day docked at St Augustine City Marina (\$2/ft, no minimum). This is one of the most historic cities in America, complete with its own fort and stunning architecture, a definite "must see" stop-over. Continued south, spending nights at Flagler Beach, New Smyrna Beach, and Titusville, where I paid \$2 for a hot shower and spent time walking the town. The Indian River is dotted with spoil islands created by the US Army Corps of Engineers with the sand and mud from dredging the channel. These islands are excellent camping locations. *Jitterbug* was beached several times for an afternoon of exploration and fishing or a night anchorage. The ability to raise the keel and navigate in 10" of water is the #1 reason I wanted a Potter.

We continued south to spend one night at Melbourne Beach and stopped at popular Vero Beach, but they were fully booked. This is

the "final destination" for many cruisers, who spend the winter here before returning north in the spring. I did tie up long enough to take the shuttle bus for groceries and then continued on to beach at another spoil island for the night. Next anchorages were Manatee Cove, Hobe Sound, and then Peanut Island near Palm Beach, which is a beautiful state park well worth a visit. One of its attractions is the bomb-proof shelter built for JFK for use while he visited the family home in Palm Beach.

From this point on it's a long motor south through metropolitan areas with condo after condo, built just a few feet apart. Much time is spent waiting for drawbridges to open with very little opportunity to hoist sail. On December 25, Christmas Day, we arrived at Ft Lauderdale and docked at the city marina, after cruising almost two months (55 days) and traveling a total of 1,540 GPS statute miles, for an average of 28 miles per day.

Ft Lauderdale represented a milestone on the trip. It was a destination point in and of itself and also the place where a decision would be made on whether to cross the Gulf Stream to the Bahamas or continue down the ICW to Key West. I decided to rest for a few days, enjoy the local scene, watch the weather pattern, and reflect on the trip to date.

Lessons Learned

First and foremost, I left New Jersey too late in the season. I should have left a month earlier.

When selecting a marina for dockage, I learned to look for one with floating docks because those with fixed pilings were designed for much larger boats which made it difficult to moor *Jitterbug*, and even more difficult for me to climb onto the dock at low tide.

During one of my early anchorages the tidal change resulted in the anchor line wrapping around the keel, which prevented hoisting in the morning. After several futile attempts and much deliberation, I realized that all I had to do was raise the keel, DUH. For the remainder of the trip I set an additional stern anchor when anchoring in a swift tidal flow. This also prevents the Fortress Danforth-type anchor from breaking loose with the swing of the tide.

I had considered installing an automatic pilot but decided against it because most of the ICW trip is navigating in confined areas. I did, however, use a tiller-tamer which worked well enough for me to leave the helm

Dismal Swamp Lock.



Fortress anchor mounted on bow rail.



for (very) brief periods. I will not add the auto pilot.

The Fortress FX-11 anchor, with 6' of $\frac{5}{16}$ " coated chain, never broke free, even in some VERY rough conditions. However, we never anchored in water over 20' in depth.

The decision to use the Coleman propane stove proved to be wise. Replacement canisters for the Burton stove were not readily available. A cylinder lasted between five and seven days. The cooking unit, fabricated from a Tupperware container, also worked well.

I did not leave home with a bicycle on board, but later bought a folding one made by Dahon, model Curve, with 16" wheels, which just barely fits in one of *Jitterbug's* aft berths. I paid more for this bike than I did for my first car, but it really added to the experience. I would consider it a "must have" for this kind of trip.

The Bimini top was somewhat useful on rainy days but sagged badly in the middle due to its faulty design, which resulted in water dripping on me anyway. I later made a "prop" with the adjustable boat hook but will try to come up with a better solution.

The guidebook I used was *Dozier's Waterway Guide*, which definitely favors those marinas who pay for advertising (surprise!!). Many cruisers seem to prefer *Skipper Bob's Guide*. Either way, I would look on the internet for a used copy as they are expensive.

The *Maptech ChartKit* books worked very well in conjunction with the GPS unit. I purchased all five books for \$100 from craigslist.com. Several are not the most current issue but islands don't move that much from year to year and \$400 is a big savings.

The Nissan four-stroke, 6hp outboard motor worked flawlessly. The alternator kept the battery fully charged. In fact, I later purchased a voltage regulator to prevent overcharging (which may not have been necessary). Fuel consumption overall was 27mpg, this includes ALL miles covered, even those under sail alone. I found the most efficient motoring hull speed to be about 5.5mph, which was roughly half throttle. I reached as high as 8mph (under sail alone) and at times struggled to maintain 2mph against a strong wind and tide.

The single lever, adjustable motor mount was not able to handle the weight of a four-stroke motor swaying badly during heavy seas. I jury-rigged it several times during the trip and replaced it with a heavier model upon my arrival home.

The old style wooden rudder on the Potter 19 was "less than efficient" to say the least. It is probably fine for day trips but many miles were lost due to its excessive drag. Later in the trip it failed completely and required extensive repairs. It has since been replaced with a new composite rudder from IdaSailor.com.

In Conclusion

I am sure that I have omitted many details that would benefit those who plan a similar trip, but this is my recollection. A few days later I crossed the Gulf Stream to reach the Bahamas, so the story is to be continued...

Jitterbug docked at Ft Lauderdale.



Below: Indian River spoil islands.





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The Hosteller's Sailing Club is an old established group owning a couple of Wayfarers used for camping and cruising as well as daysailing and the occasional race. Their main 2007 cruise was from their base at Paglesham in Essex over the Thames Estuary to the Swale in Kent. Five of us, all DCA members, were taking part. Richard Farr and Mark Smith were in one of the HSC's shared Wayfarers, John Perry with Josephine Street were in John's purpose-designed 15-footer, and myself, single-handed in my heavy 1958 vintage Woodnutt 14.

The Hostellers purchased a brand new Woodnutt 14 in 1958 but after a serious capsizing gave it away in disgust and bought Wayfarers. John, therefore, advised me to take mine to the nearest tip, but although the Wayfarer is greatly superior for a strong two-person crew, the Woodnutt is perhaps easier for a single-handed octogenarian to sail. Anyway, in common with most DCA members I like a boat that is different!

As usual, none of us had motors. I could have sailed in the club Wayfarer as third man but three people each with their own camping gear would have been a crowd, and in any case I had to return early for the DCA Cobnor Week. I was looking forward to the cruise as I had always wanted to sail by the Havengore route and had not visited Sheppey and the lovely Swale for about 40 years. (The Isle of Sheppey was once a Viking base for raids up the Thames. The name Sheppey is derived from the Norse for Sheep Island.)

Cruising in company with disparate craft presents problems. John and Josephine are a strong, skilled, and coordinated crew and can generally keep up with the larger Wayfarer, but my ancient 14' Woodnutt with its reduced area boat jumble sails and spars is significantly slower. Also, as one old man sitting in a boat can only produce a quarter of the righting moment of two strong persons sitting out, it means that I dare not sheet in hard and consequently my windward heading is inferior. At least, that is my excuse! I usually compensate by starting ahead of the others.

Crossing the Thames Estuary is a challenging sail, especially without a motor. From Paglesham East End, taking the last of the ebb out of the River Roach into the Crouch, and rounding the Foulness Sand at low water to pick up the new flood, the crossing to Shell Ness on Sheppey is over 30nm, a long voyage by sail and oar. However, leaving Paglesham a couple of hours before high water, sailing against the tide to Yokefleet Creek, and through the Havengore Bridge, the crossing to Shell Ness can be reduced to a much more manageable 18nm. The limitation to this latter route is that the bridge only opens at weekends and within two hours of high water.

Boats entering through the lifting bridge into Havengore Creek.



A Crossing Too Far

By Len Wingfield

Reprinted from the *Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin* #199

(A DCA/HSC cruise in company across the Thames Estuary from Paglesham to the Swale in Kent... almost)

Arriving at Paglesham East End long before the others, I launched and sailed up the Roach and into Barlinghall Creek, an old-fashioned place reminiscent of my early days afloat, so different from the gentrified South Coast today. Barling Hall still stands, but it is just a large scruffy working farmhouse. The quay, which before good roads was so important, is now no more than a sunken barge with a hard for landing dinghies for three small fishing boats. I could see the Havengore Bridge in the distance, but Pottin Creek which connects Barlinghall Creek with Havengore is obstructed by a small bridge.

Returning to the Paglesham launching slip, I found the Hostellers preparing to get away in their usual leisurely fashion. Together we sailed against the Roach flood to the Yokesfleet, then with it to the Middleway, and so to Havengore Bridge. Perhaps if we had phoned the bridge master he would have opened it especially for us. In the event we hung around until it opened for a motor yacht, then before they closed it again we hastily sailed through the narrow gap left by the half-raised bascule.

What I hadn't realized was that a barrier is also carried below the bridge, presumably to prevent unauthorized boats slipping under (most of the land around here is MoD property). In less than a mile we were out of the creek and over the Maplin Sands with three miles to reach deep water. Once clear we headed on a close reach for the East Swale. Both John's boat and the Wayfarer got ahead but my old 14-footer was keeping up reasonably well. When the Wayfarer changed tacks, I presumed that it was simply gaining a bit more windward gauge to counteract the Thames Estuary ebb stream, but when I looked for it later it was out of sight. It turned out later that the Wayfarer crew had assumed that we were all taking the Medway entrance to the Swale!

Soon I was crossing the Thames Estuary shipping lanes. Conditions were almost ideal at that point, wind a bare F3, sunny, with good visibility, only a little shipping which was easily avoided. I had cleared the main channels and had passed the grotesque Red Sand Forts (World War II gun platforms on steel stilts) and had reached the shallower water on the Kentish side. I was still going well and had even at one point got ahead of John and Josephine who had slowed down or stopped for some reason. The eastern entrance to the Swale was clearly in sight.

But by now the ebb stream was setting me well off course so I was close-hauled. Then a sudden gust hit me. Being too old to sit out, I hastily reefed, not easy when under way single-handed. Within a few minutes of reefing the wind had eased and was lighter than earlier. My heavy old boat was now moving sluggishly so I hurriedly un-reefed, probably not setting the mainsail as well as before. Now I was in trouble. I was not only going slower, but with the ebb tide pushing me off, not heading for Shell Ness, the

Swale entrance, any longer. I couldn't even be sure of making Whitstable for the night. I switched tacks, hoping to lee-bow the ebb current but not only was I failing to make Sheerness, I couldn't even make Leigh Creek to shelter for the night on the Essex side.

If I carried on with my original course I was faced with landing in the dark on an unknown bit of Kentish coast. I didn't even know how long it might take and I was tired. I had been up since 0530 that morning and the effort of trying to get the boat hard to windward was taking its toll. John and Josephine were now far ahead and almost out of sight, probably out of the worst of the foul tide, almost at Shell Ness. It was a pity to have to give up after coming so far and getting so close, but the most sensible option was to head back.

Bearing away, the old boat came to life again, sailing easily on a broad reach, and I was able to relax. I soon re-passed the gun platforms and crossed back over the main shipping lanes. My worry at this stage was that John and Josephine might think that I had met with some accident and raise the alarm with the Coast Guard. Of course, we all carry mobile phones and I had brought an HSC newsletter which would have their phone numbers. I looked, but only their home number was there, not their mobile numbers! I didn't have the Coast Guard's ordinary number either, so to cancel any alarm my only option was to dial the coast guard on 999. Fortunately I took the chance that J&J would not raise the alarm, because they considered it but didn't.

My options now were (a) to head for Havengore Creek, anchor, and wait for the bridge opening time next day or (b) to head for the Crouch, hoping to skim over most of the Foulness Sand rather than go all the long way round it. As I couldn't be sure of finding the unlit Havengore Creek in the failing light, I opted for the Crouch with its well-lit buoyage. Sailing a northerly course, I skimmed over the Maplin Sands, sounding by rod. Foulness Island was just visible against the after-light of the western sky and after some time the flashing buoys in the Crouch entrance channel came into sight.

However at the Foulness sand I was baulked by the higher ground lining the channel and rather than sail further and further out to get into the channel I took the ground to wait for the new flood. It was a warm night, although dark. I needed a meal anyway and the shingle bottom was firm enough to get out of the boat and stretch my legs (I had hardly been out of the boat in over 12 hours). The name Foulness comes from the Norse Fowl Ness, headland of birds. My sister was stationed on this lonely featureless island dur-

Thames Estuary Towers.



ing the war and her ATS comrades were in no doubt that foulness was the right name for the god-forsaken dump!

It was about midnight before my boat floated again and I gradually walked it over the sand ridge bordering the Crouch channel. Once over I set sail, tacking in on the well-lit buoyed channel. In the dark I was unable to see any gusts coming so I dared not sail sheeted hard in. Consequently it was slow work at first, but as the channel narrowed the tide ran faster.

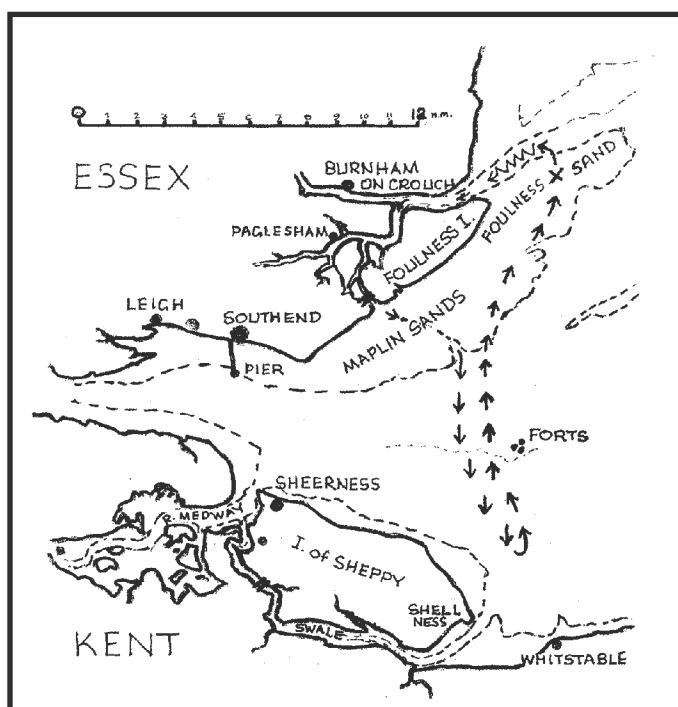
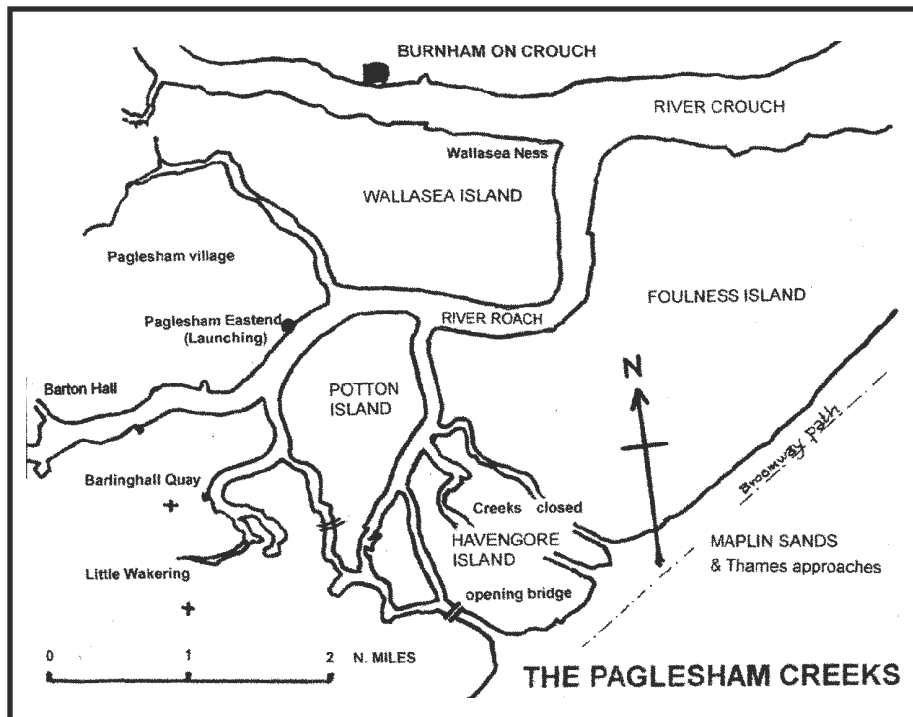
At last I could make out the dark shadows of the Crouch river banks on either side and then a lighter patch where the unlit entrance to the Roach must be. One final tack and I was in to the shelter of the River Roach's Quay Reach anchorage. I headed in-shore, dropped stern and bow anchors, and settled in at about 0130. I had been up since 0530 the previous day and had sailed some 35nm, not including the short local sail before joining up with the Hostellers.

In the morning I sailed up the Roach with the last of the flood to Barton Hall Creek (not to be confused with Baling Hall on the other side of the river!) The plain, austere, but impressive Barton Hall is another bit of un-gentrified old Essex, a refreshing change from the south coast. Then it was back with the ebb to Paglesham to recover the boat and go home. I would have loved to have spent time in the Swale with the others, but at least I had had a memorable sail.

With hindsight I should have prepared better for the crossing, making sure of the of the member's mobile numbers, the Coast Guard's, and that of the Havengore Bridge. I should also have sailed earlier, ahead of the rest, to be at the bridge for its earliest opening time. Tacking for the Medway entrance may also have been a better option. Some would say that we should have all carried outboard motors, but the shipping lanes here are soon crossed. The Chichester Bembridge crossing with its high speed ferries ignoring the shipping lanes is far more scary!



Havengore Bridge, another view.



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Canoeing trips in Canada's Yukon Territory are no spur-of-the-moment whims. They originate as germs of ideas and develop slowly in the mind of the canoeist over many months, or even years, before an expedition reaches the put-in. Many well-meaning plans often die as dreams. As with so many other getaways, canoeists always must ponder the variables of time, health, travel, funding, and the guide's calendar. Finally that once vague idea takes hold, "Yes, I shall go, I must go!"

In a sense I had been anticipating this trip for 37 years, ever since I first visited Alaska and the Canadian North in 1971. The postponement extended year after year. Finally, in early August 2008, I made it back to Whitehorse, capital of the Yukon Territory, which had been little more than an overgrown frontier town when I'd left it almost four decades earlier. Back then few streets beyond the downtown were paved, the rest, including the Alaska Highway, were dirt and gravel. Now I found a modern, bustling city of 24,000 with all kinds of services, even a Starbucks coffee shop.

My airport van driver took me to the Stratford Motel where I would meet up with Mike and Shauna Patterson, guides for our expedition, and perhaps some other early arrivals among our party of eight. The Pattersons had already arrived but were not in their room in the early evening. Nor were any of the other paddlers around so I headed down to the Edgewater Hotel dining room for a tasty lobster bisque supper, more of a stew than what I was used to in my home area of seacoast New Hampshire. Yes, Whitehorse was up to speed in every way.

After breakfast the next morning I noticed the open door to Mike and Shauna's room, a pre-arranged invitation to enter their two-room suite where they were assembling the supplies and food for the trip. We would be canoeing nine and a half days, about 185 miles, from our fly-in put-in on Caribou Lake, down Caribou Creek to the Liard River, and then to our take-out at the hamlet of Upper Liard along the Alaska Highway.

Our reunion was all talk, all fun. "I'm here!" I announced. "I was concerned that my three dry bags of luggage might be left behind at some airport terminal, but everything has arrived without incident."

"Getting here with all your stuff is the hardest part of the trip," Mike said. "We are still shopping for food. Our room is now the nerve, or nervous, center of the expedition."

"On one trip," Shauna said, "one of our guests arrived without his gear, it was delayed someplace, and we were heading out the next day. So we ended up at midnight at the local WalMart where he could buy the basic essentials, sleeping bag and so forth, to outfit himself for the trip."

Mike then addressed one aspect of the logistics.

"The size of the party also dictates critical planning for weight and space. On this same trip last year we had a total of 12 people with six canoes, giving us enough space to distribute our weight load. On this trip we'll have eight people with two fewer canoes. That means we can't take as much fresh food as we would like, so we'll be eating freeze-dried meals toward the end of the trip."

In short, for nine and a half days on the river Mike and Shauna needed to provide about 228 full meals plus snacks at river rest stops as well as on-the-road meals going and coming.

Canoeing the Yukon's Liard River

By Richard E. Winslow III

Dedicated to the Yukon Territory,
where the land, rivers, mountains, and sky
go on forever



Nothing can stop the great downward surge of the Liard.

The planning for this trip had been underway for months. The Pattersons had had to develop precise time schedules in order to make arrangements for van transportation, bush pilot flights, and recruitment of guests, along with coordinating the trip in conjunction with Inconnu Lodge and Kluane Airways. Economics, as always, would play a major role.

"Bush pilot rates," Mike said, "have doubled in the last six years."

By late morning, with all the expedition members on scene, our team gathered in the Patterson suite to organize the trip in detail. I sat on a box, the others in chairs. Mike held forth, a master planner at work.

"We could make the trip in seven days if need be, but I'm allotting three extra days for weather conditions should they arise. The current varies from three-and-a-half to nine miles per hour so we will move quickly, even if resting on our paddles."

The floatplane ride with Kluane Airways required special scrutiny.

"After we arrive at Finlayson Lake, following an all-day drive, we'll camp there and fly in the next morning. I've arranged for three separate flights."

I was chosen for the first flight with Mike and Shauna.

"I've divided up the food so that each group has three days of breakfast, lunch, and supper along with kitchen equipment and tents, wherever they are. If bad weather hits and a flight is delayed, everyone will be safe."

This strategy, of course, was designed to anticipate any emergency. Anything could go wrong, a pilot might get sick or be otherwise incapacitated, fog and rain could put the kibosh on any attempt at flying, or the plane might develop mechanical problems. I glanced around the room to further appreciate Mike's meticulous planning. Each box was labeled in black crayon in a highly visible spot, "FLT [flight] #1 GEAR," "FLT #1 FOOD," and so forth. Mike and Shauna, well aware of things that could go wrong, were determined to eliminate as much risk as possible.

Listening to the fine-tuning of Mike's logistics, I could not resist telling a story I had heard in the Northwest Territories 20 years earlier.

"Two men were going to fly in to a remote river for a canoe trip. They hastily divided up the baggage by weight for the two flights needed to transport their gear to the put-in. When the bush pilot landed his passenger offloaded his various boxes. The pilot then flew back to the base camp to pick up the second man, but when he landed he was quickly grounded by bad weather that lasted for two or three days. Meanwhile, the guy at the river had all the food and he ate like a king. But without a tent or sleeping bag he almost froze to death! His partner back at the camp had the tents, the kitchen fly, and tarps, well-supplied for shelter and sleep, but he had nothing to eat."

Our proposed trip had brought together a group of outstanding people. As a husband-and-wife guiding team out of Belfast, Maine, Mike and Shauna had canoed the Liard for the five previous summers. Mike had been canoeing, hunting, fishing, and skiing all over North America, amounting to almost a half-century of experience. In addition to his outdoor skills, Mike was a retired mechanical engineer, he could fix anything. He also was an accomplished chef who loved gourmet food. Canadian-born Shauna brought numerous talents to this partnership. In addition to camp cooking, she was a trained nurse who could, if need be, handle medical emergencies in the field. Like Mike, she loved the North.

"We bought our wedding ring in Whitehorse six years ago," she told me. "There are small gold nuggets encrusted on it."

They were both fully committed to the canoeing lifestyle. I had accompanied them on four previous trips, happy with their professionalism and sense of humor.

Those who joined the Pattersons on their trips usually were long-time friends, fellow guides, and veteran repeat trippers. This group was no exception. Hailing from Albuquerque, Wendy, with a doctorate in molecular biology, was always glad to leave the laboratory to run her own or other outfitters' expeditions on Utah's San Juan River, not to mention her 14 trips down the Colorado River. Denis was from the Durango, Colorado, area where he owned an outdoor gear manufacturing company. For our expedition he supplied a kitchen tarp, designed to his specifications. He also built ski-lift rescue equipment. When he wasn't inventing new products at the shop, Denis headed out to raft or canoe rivers all over the Southwest.

Natives of eastern Pennsylvania, Ron and Ali were celebrating 38 years of marriage on this trip. With rod and reel they had traveled to New Zealand, Alaska, and Canada. A building contractor by trade, Ron was an expert in all the camp chores. Udo, from Hanover, Germany, was a math and computer science teacher who had flown here expressly for this trip. As soon as it was over he would return home. Over the years he had canoed many Far North rivers, including the Nahanni. Being a librarian and historian from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I was perhaps a little too old for the rigorous demands of this trip, but my younger companions pitched in often to help me over the hurdles.

After the day-long van ride northward over the paved Klondike Highway and then eastward over the unpaved Robert Campbell Highway, we arrived at our waterfront campsite on Finlayson Lake which stretched northward toward the mountains. Pink fireweed grew in profusion all around the floatplane base. I also saw hundreds of what have been dubbed "Arctic strawberries," empty red avia-



Inauguration underway. The canoes head down the steep slope into Caribou Lake for a baptism with a hard splash.

tion gas drums piled up near a cabin used by the pilots. Bill, our van driver and an employee of Inconnu Lodge, helped us unload.

"It's a 14-minute helicopter ride to the lodge, about 38 miles away on McEvoy Lake. The place is strictly for the well-to-do, it costs \$1,000 a day with a one-week minimum stay. The lodge has a conference center, as well as air access to great fishing, Virginia Falls on the Nahanni River, and the Cirque of the Unclimbables."

As he was preparing a salmon steak supper, Mike spoke about the lodge from personal experience.

"There are deluxe cabins, a store, and an airstrip. The camp helicopter is like a taxi, taking the fishermen and a guide out to the surrounding lakes in the morning and picking them up each evening."

Mike then held forth with one of his jokes.

"Two moose hunters in the Yukon bush had ended their season and were all packed up, butchered meat, antlers, tents, pots and pans, and ready to leave. A bush pilot flew in to the isolated airstrip where they were waiting. He took one look at the enormous load and complained, 'I can't fly out with all that, too much weight. My plane won't be able to clear the trees.' The moose hunters prevailed upon the hapless pilot to attempt the flight. They took off and the plane made it over the first ridge but failed to clear the second, which was crowned with a higher line of trees. The plane crashed but no one was hurt. 'See? I told you I couldn't make it,' exclaimed the angry pilot. 'Well, you made it,' said the moose hunters, 'a hundred yards farther than the bush pilot we had last year.'"

As we finished our dishwashing chores Warren LaFave, owner of Inconnu Lodge and president of Kluane Airways, Ltd, flew in and taxied up to our campsite on a straight channel. We had heard his floatplane long before we ever saw it, a 1957 deHavilland Beaver kept in top running order. Warren decided to fly all our canoes to Caribou Lake that evening, thus eliminating the third trip the next day. He had plenty of light for the 45-minute flight, thanks to the 19 hours of daylight at that time of year.



Embodying Robert Service's phrase, "Where the mountains are nameless, and the rivers all run God knows where," magnificent scenery spreads out beneath us on our flight to Caribou Lake.

The next day dawned clear and bright at 4am (indeed, the weather held up quite favorably for the whole trip). As we waited for our flights Denis took a little hike to fill our canteens with fresh water, away from any possible gasoline spillage from Warren's floatplane the night before.

Suddenly the floatplane reappeared. Our bush pilot was Loren, whom Mike and Shauna met for the first time. When I saw him, a man in his 50s, I recalled an old in-house aviation saying, "There are old bush pilots and there are bold bush pilots, but there are no old, bold bush pilots." Since Loren was definitely in the older category, I was gratified to think that he would undoubtedly avoid recklessness and Hollywood stunt antics and give us a safe flight to Caribou Lake.

Mike, Shauna, Udo, and I were passengers on the first of the two flights. As we took off I donned the metal earmuffs supplied to all of us to drown out the loud engine noise. Soon we were over the Big Salmon Range of the Pelly Mountains.

With the lightened load (minus the canoes) Loren opted to fly over the mountains on a more direct bearing to our put-in instead of taking a roundabout route at a lower altitude.

"Where is Caribou Lake?" Loren asked. "It must be Caribou Lake by Wolf Lake." Mike told Loren that he would direct him.

Below, the streams glistened as they tumbled from the snowfields through gorges to enter the lakes. From the outlets the rivulets spilled down into forest groves. Glaciers had sculpted these gray-black mountains, creating Matterhorn-type peaks, arête ridges, and bowl cirques. The relentless grinding ice, renewed every winter, has continued to tear down the mountains for 10,000 years, gushing water continues the erosion each summer. In places, it looked almost as if a monster potter ha hand-shaped the rocks.

Once on the other side of the range, Mike spotted Caribou Lake, with its distinctive dotlike island. He shouted directions to Loren over the engine clatter but Loren shouted back, "Don't talk. I'm concentrating."

The plane soon skimmed over the lake and touched down with a thud and a spray of

water. Loren taxied to the rocky shore and tied up. In knee-high boots Mike alighted first.

"I'll carry you piggyback to land," Mike said to me, noting my low-cut boots. I greatly appreciated his generous offer, as it spared me from wet feet and legs.

With a chain carry, one bag passed to the next in line, we unloaded all our gear. "Please make Loren a sandwich," Mike said as Shauna hastened to open one of the food boxes. Loren wolfed down his sandwich.

"You're eating much better," he said, "than the prospectors of '98 [1898, the peak year of the Klondike Gold Rush]."

Loren badly needed this break and food. He had been flying for hours, taking fishermen from Inconnu Lodge out to nearby lakes in the morning, then a trip to the Cirque of the Unclimbables, and now our two flights. On this almost-nonstop flying day he would be busy until evening, flying the fishermen back to the lodge at the end of the day. I have always greatly respected these bush pilots of the North who fly geologists, miners, canoeists, and mountaineers into remote areas on a hectic, seven-days-a-week summer schedule. Later I heard that Loren had become ill the day after our flights, laid low with pneumonia. He had looked a bit pale during our brief contact with him, so he probably was fighting early symptoms during our flight.

Since we had been able to spot the customary campsite on our approach, we realized we would not be tenting there that night. It had been pre-empted by another group flown in earlier, eight adults and four children. Mike exchanged pleasantries with them, learning that they had never previously canoed this river. He generously recommended downstream campsites and offered advice about various obstacles and hazards.

We encountered this group several times during our trip. In two instances we observed them traveling with three in a canoe, typically one too many. And, by chance, we stumbled upon one of their recently-abandoned campsites with an outdoor fireplace that still contained hot ashes and coals. Such lax standards are criminal as nearby roots can act as smoldering wicks, sparking fires a day or so later.



Life as viewed by a point man, paddling bow in Mike's lead canoe. I see everything first, as we navigate down Caribou Creek, the vital connector between Caribou Lake and the Liard River.

Noting their carelessness, Mike said to us, "I hope God looks after them because they are not looking after themselves."

Another explorer once told me, "The North does not give you a second chance."

In search of an alternate site we walked the ground, an esker with plenty of sand and black spruce and masses of reindeer moss. On the Caribou Creek approach side we found an excellent site, apparently never used before, so Mike paddled all four canoes around a point to our home for the night. The second flight arrived about an hour and a half later, reuniting our team.

We reinstalled the canoes' seats and thwarts which had been removed to allow the hulls to be nested for the flight the night before. Two were forest green Old Town "Discovery 174" canoes (meaning they were 17.4' long). Mike in the stern and I in the bow would paddle one of them as lead boats and Denis and Wendy would take the other 174 to bring up the rear. In between would be two red Old Town "Kineo 169" canoes, one paddled by Shauna and Udo, the other by Ron and Ali.

We launched the next morning, a bright, sunny day, ahead of the other party. Once the canoes splashed into Caribou Lake we were committed to the trip. After all these preparations we didn't come here to fail. We soon entered Caribou Creek, ready for an 11-mile paddle down to its confluence with the Liard. The air was fresh and exhilarating, the creek was about 4' across and shallow in places.

"Isn't it sweet?" Mike said repeatedly, as he would do for the duration of the trip. Somehow all the senses come to life on such a trip, a tremendous physical, mental, and spiritual experience that we each felt for the next nine days. An expedition can surpass your expectations, or be what you had anticipated, or be a dud. This trip easily exceeded anything any of us might have dreamed possible.

By late afternoon we reached the confluence of Caribou Creek and the Liard River, where we set up camp. Celebrating my arrival there, I went for a baptismal dip in the Liard's cold rush of water. The river's name dates back to 1834 when the French-Canadian voyageurs on John McLeod's Hudson's Bay Company expedition noticed many cottonwood or poplar trees lining its banks. They called it "Rivière aux Liards," liard being the French word for an almost-worthless coin which they equated to the tree's lack of usefulness.

The official names of the Liard's tributaries, many of which became our campsites or rest stops, read like locales from Robert Service poems or Jack London Klondike tales: Junkers-Swede Creek, Old Gold Creek, Quartz Creek, and Scurvy Creek. For the others I devised some unofficial names after



Like old bush pilots, experienced canoeists never take chances. Ron and Ali line their canoe on Caribou Creek, skirting an elongated sweepers.

the most prominent features or associations; Trapper, Steep Wall, Wolf Track, and Goose Honk campsites.

Along with the scenery, food, swims, and other events of this trip, I wanted to learn from observation and experience about everything that was happening. I always listened to Mike and the others when they were explaining or demonstrating aspects of trip mechanics. Some ideas were new to me.

"Every canoe has an automatic tie-up," Mike said, "no matter how high it is pulled up on the beach."

On another occasion he mentioned the wise practice of storing one's PFD (personal flotation device) or life preserver inside the tent for the night.

"If you leave it outside," he said, "the sweat and salt on them attract squirrels and chipmunks to chew away."

And finally, as Ron was securing a knot attached to the kitchen fly, he commented, "If all else fails, tie a granny knot." This knot, of course, often pulls apart as compared to a secure square knot. But a granny is better than nothing and may hold long enough to serve its purpose.

The trip went easier with each passing day. "I feel stronger and more comfortable with my paddling," I said to Mike on the third or fourth day. "It's not only the paddling," Mike responded, "but you also fall into the familiarity of camp life. The routine comes more easily and naturally, saving time and energy."

Fortunately for us avid canoeists, all of Mike's sage advice, which he dispensed freely throughout the trip, will be published in the book on canoeing and camping that he is currently writing.

Saving time and energy becomes a prime goal on such a trip. No one wants to carry the same load twice, not if it can be avoided. Unnecessary repetition of tasks means wasted effort and additional wear and tear, even injury, on the body. My routine was to walk ashore on the gravel beach, minus the weight of assorted "stuff," and then climb to the forested shelf to look over potential campsites. After wandering around and finding a decent site, I would drop my PFD to establish my claim. Then I would go back to the beach a couple of times, carry my dry bags and other gear to the tentsite, and on each return trip grab an armful of branches for "kitchen" firewood. Mike and Shauna would leave the extra gear and food boxes in storage in the tied-up canoes. We always chose one of the lighter canoes for our buffet line under the tarp. All of us generally took a full canteen of water back to our tents for the night, making sure we had enough to last us until morning, no one wanted to be caught short at 3am. Denis proved to



Upon landing for the night, raising the kitchen fly is the first order of business at the campsite. Wendy steadies a canoe pole as the rope crew ties down the flaps.

be expert at filtering the water with his kit, a responsibility he generously undertook each day for me and a few others. I nicknamed him "Gunga Denis" after the water-bearer in Rudyard Kipling's poem. With Denis on the job I never had to emerge from my tent in darkness in search of water.

Mike's topographical maps were also essential for making the trip more successful. In the morning, at lunch, on the rest stops, and in the evening, indeed, at any time he might feel the need to consult his 11 topo maps, Mike took out his laminated sheets to study for himself or to explain to the group where we were or what faced us ahead. Often he linked them together for a comprehensive overview.

Using his color-coded marking system he added new symbols and notations to these maps, a cumulative record from the first year he had paddled this river to the present. For each of the six expeditions he had undertaken, he had used a different ink color, perhaps red for 2008, blue for 2007, and so forth. He recorded the campsites, rapids, log jams, abandoned or active cabins, any data that could help make the trip easier and safer. There were also mileage distances, time allotments, and other information recorded for himself and for others. We were always welcome to consult the maps. Whenever I crouched down to review the maps, Mike provided a running commentary, using his finger to point out our precise location.

The Liard, of course, was much more than a canoeing, camping, and map-reading experience. The Pattersons just as easily could have offered this trip as a prime fishing excursion. Of the eight in our party six were diehard fishermen with licenses they had purchased in Whitehorse the day before we left. When they weren't paddling, setting up or breaking camp, these stalwarts fished almost constantly, reeling in bull trout and grayling. On an average day they probably caught 40 or 50 fish with a most liberal catch-and-release policy. If the fish were hooked too deeply and would have died if released, we saved them for supper. As the most ardent and successful of the group, Mike and Ron made it look all too easy.

When anyone's line was caught on the bottom, a common occurrence, Mike would paddle or pole out into midstream and, with a few careful tugs at the right angle, would free the line. He performed this service so often he could have made a comfortable living at it. Very few lures were lost.

On a typical evening the cry would ring out from the field kitchen, "Supper's ready!" Aroused from a nap, I would instantly scramble down the hillside bench to the fly and folding chairs. The yellowish bull trout and



An enormous logjam, piled up over the years, completely blocks the main Liard River channel. Avoiding this snarl, Mike seeks a less tangled alternate route.

white grayling slabs would still be sizzling in the serving pan. We all enjoyed these delicious hors d'oeuvres, but my favorite was the grayling, its taste exquisite. For one dinner, midway through the trip, we dispensed with the usual camp fare for an all-we-could-eat fish fry.

Of the many highlights on this expedition, a few stand out. At our breakfast gathering on the first full day on the Liard, Mike warned us about an ordeal we would soon be facing.

"There is a tremendous log jam ahead that blocks passage in the river. The pile-up is on a bend with fast water. We'll have to find a place to cut through."

Within 20 minutes of paddling we abruptly pulled out on river right to land on a stony bar. The scene downstream looked like the aftermath of a hurricane, a piled-up barrier that Mike had deemed just about impassable. The nature-made barricade had been in place for years. Every spring the ice break-up had washed down more logs, effectively sealing any breakthrough passages Mike might have created on previous trips.

As Mike paced around he sighted a non-descript backwater overflow with a route

Probably as a result of a lightning strike that sparked a forest fire, this mountain was denuded of its vegetation on its slopes and summit ridge.



A streamlet through a blowdown proves to be the only logical way to rejoin the Liard River's main channel. A total group effort, requiring forty-five minutes of backbreaking work, succeeds in breaking through to open water.

through the maze of fallen trees to the main channel of the river ahead. This potential route, in need of major clearing, constituted our best chance.

"There is no evidence that anyone has attempted to break through this section this year," Mike said. He picked up his Swedish saw and an ax, ready to cut through the tangle.

As the limbing went on, we on the canoe-moving detail were able to advance a few precious feet. If the Gordian knot, as it were, were not cut here we would be compelled to attempt an arduous roundabout portage, with no existing trail in sight.

We kept gaining slightly as Mike cleared away the most cumbersome obstacles. After about 20 minutes of this forestry engineering we half-lifted, half-slid the canoes through a tunnel-like cave with very low clearance below a canopy of trunks and spiky branches. Leaning forward, I ducked my head and pressed my chest down on the gunwales. After a bit of bumping we broke out into open water. The whole operation created a 45-minute delay. The large party in back of us could now utilize the just-cut corridor we had pioneered. Once all our canoes were through, Mike was elated.

"This is the toughest section of the whole trip," he said, "and now it's behind us." It was time for candy bars and swigs of water.

Two days later we landed at Old Gold Creek, the official map name for our campsite. "The creeks on the Liard were prospected," Mike told us, "even before the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898." Strolling around, I would often see an abandoned artifact, perhaps only a rusty nail. I would, we all would, wonder about the human history behind it. Had the unknown person purposely left it or lost it? Why had he come to this wild country in the first place? Undoubtedly to pan for placer gold. Did he leave rich or disappointed? Did he die here or return safely to civilization? I was haunted by these intriguing relics.

On our rest stops, we often would see an abandoned cabin, evidently the onetime refuge of a trapper, with its log roof sagging or collapsing from the weight of years of snow and ice. Scattered around the site would be tin cans and broken bottles. Within a decade or two the cabin might be completely caved in and covered with moss and overgrowth, obliterating evidence that man had ever been there. Many such sites were now lost, destined only to be archaeological finds sometime in the distant future.

On one stop we gazed at an old scow barge with the letters "ALICE MAY" in black paint on her stern. It was the same name that Robert Service had used for a Lake Laberge derelict in his famous poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee." The old hulk was probably 40' long with modern iron fixtures and fittings.

"I first spotted this hulk six years ago," Mike said as we gathered around to listen. "Look, it has a primitive wooden raising-and-lowering mechanism with notches to lift or to lower a motor over rocky sections. The more I think about it, the more I doubt that this vessel was ever launched, just half completed and abandoned. Maybe it was intended to be a supply boat for the trappers. Who knows?"

On the river the next day, headed toward Quartz Creek, we were slowly paddling along in the late morning, anticipating Mike's call to pull over for lunch. Our canoes were reasonably bunched up with the three other canoes visible behind us as Mike and I looked around periodically to check. "On river right," Mike whispered to me, "there's a bear." Sure enough. On the bank, an adult black bear was ambling along on all fours among the poplar trees. Bears have poor eyesight and he had not seen us. To compensate, they have a strong sense of smell plus excellent hearing. For me, and indeed for all of us, the initial reaction on seeing a bear is not fear. The brain requires a split second to

Fishing therapy available at every stop. Well into the evening, Ron and Mike cast for fish.





Emergency use only. A trapper's cabin at Scurvy Creek is supplied and stocked with a woodpile in anticipation of winter. With faith that summer visitors will respect his property, he left the door open.

grasp what one's eyes are seeing. Only then can the mind focus on what to think and how to react.

Mike raised his arm in a pre-arranged animal-sighting signal to alert the others in back, no talking, no paddling, no movement, just drifting in silence. Still oblivious to our presence, the animal nonchalantly waded into the river and began bear-paddling across, probably 30' in front of our canoe. With little effort, bears are excellent swimmers, with its head and shoulders high over the water, the bear cruised toward the opposite bank. The current was pulling him downstream, making it highly improbable that he would, even if he saw us, power himself upstream to attack. The bear landed and strolled upstream, continuing his leisurely pace. Then, by chance, he turned his head and saw us, with a fixed defiant stare. Within a second he twisted around and disappeared into the brush. In all my years in the outdoors, I had never experienced a more dramatic bear sighting.

That evening at our Quartz Creek campsite, Mike walked downstream for some after-supper fishing. His work for the day was done, allowing him time for relaxation. Our camp was at rest as the sun started to climb up the cliff wall across the river, finally leaving the cliff face in shadow. On my own shake-down-the food hike, I followed Mike until he disappeared around a bend. But suddenly he reappeared, heading in my direction and gesticulating with his hands. He pointed across the river to an immature black bear strolling upstream in and out of the heavy timber. Using his professional bear-mating call, Mike held forth with assorted half-whistle/half-grunt sounds, but the bear didn't respond. Just opposite our camp the bear bolted into the woods and up a hill, disappearing for good.

"He had been planning to cross," Mike

"The Minefield" is a winding three-quarter-mile stretch of stacked-wood "blockhouse" islands, augmented annually with more debris. A canoeist's miscalculation here almost certainly would be fatal.



Loading the canoes on a clear, sunny morning. The anticipation of paddling another day on this beautiful river fosters great joy and high morale among the canoeing party.

told me, "but then he hesitated." We were never in any danger, nor was the bear; it was a stand-off.

The next morning dawned as another beautiful, sunny day. We sat under the kitchen tarp finishing a leisurely breakfast and our gear was down at the gravel beach loading area since we were ready to break camp. I was about to head for my abandoned tentsite for a final "policing of the area" to retrieve anything I might have left behind, a habit carried over from my Army days.

When I glanced in that direction a large, cinnamon-colored bear was sniffing around my tentsite. My initial reaction in that first split second was recognition, then came fear. "There's a bear," I said to the others, as if relating a simple fact. The bear must have come from the woods as no one had seen him swim across the river. As I reached for my camera, the bear disappeared, with a twist of his body and a scamper into the woods.

A half hour later, back on the river and in my bow seat, I felt relatively relaxed. "Let's say," I asked Mike, "that bear had come by earlier when I was in my sleeping bag. What would have happened?"

"The bear would have done nothing. He would have moved on. Bears hate human odor."

As I reflected on what I had learned in the past from various outdoor experts, Mike's evaluation made sense. The Yukon bear we had just seen was a black bear with a variant cinnamon color, not a more aggressive grizzly. Perhaps we were the first humans the bear had ever faced in this wild country. Being King of the North among the wild animals, akin to the lion's status in Africa, the bear's only natural enemies are humans. Seeing us, an abrupt, unexpected encounter, the bear reacted with his own natural instinct of fear. By contrast, the bears of Yellowstone, Glacier, Great Smoky Mountains, and other American and Canadian provincial parks

Mike's specialty is discovering new campsites on his frequent reconnaissances. As the rest of the party waited, he and Shauna stumbled upon this superb backwater site with excellent access, firewood, and tentsites.



Perhaps the Noah's Ark of the Liard? Mike believes the mystery barge, *Alice May*, which he discovered on his first trip six years ago, was probably never launched.

are considered tourist attractions. Kids feed them treats, even pose with them as Mom-and-Dad photographers approach for close-up shots. At campgrounds tenters are often careless about food disposal so bears soon learn to help themselves to easy free meals. Over time the once-shy bears lose their primordial fear and act more aggressively. Bear-human incidents in the national parks reflect this breakdown of fear.

I had previously experienced a similar type of wildlife situation on a Northwest Territories expedition years earlier when our party caught a few Arctic char, a most welcome addition to our day-in, day-out camp food of canned chicken, beef, and mac and cheese. As we were relishing our fish, our guide alerted us to the danger of careless disposal of fish guts and leftovers. When people cater to wildlife, even to curious birds, they will pay the price. In that instance gulls were landing nearby and approaching as fast and as close as they dared, seeking scraps. "These birds," the guide warned, "should be discouraged at all costs. Otherwise they will be defecating all over the camp. They will wreck the place."

During the last days of our Liard expedition I noticed an increasing amount of logs and branches strewn at the nose of every island. In the past I had often been outspoken about indiscriminate logging and the harvesting of large forests. Now I realized how much nature, with her annual ice-out breakups, bears the blame for destroying billions of dollars' worth of trees, uprooting, smashing, and carrying the debris downstream where it just rots away in massive pile-ups.

Mike echoed my comments, "People don't realize that nature herself is responsible for the waste of so much timber. Here the logging companies don't bother to cut it. Transportation costs to haul it out of here would be too high."

Liard River erosion at work. The sand bluff rises as a sheer cliff across the river from our campsite. According to Denis's GPS device, the cliff is 230' high.



On one of the last mornings of the trip we swung back and forth on a wide, meandering river, now essentially a huge braided stream. Long-abandoned cliffs, which the Liard had eroded relentlessly in its more youthful days, stood on either side at a quarter-mile distance.

As we approached a shallow area I knew, from my earlier perusals of Mike's maps, that major hazards lay ahead. Years ago trunks with sharp-pronged branches had lodged periodically in the muck and gravel. Anchored down, they had served as barriers to catch and retain more and more of the logs floating by. Over the years these barricades had evolved into huge, blockhouse-like islands, probably 10-15' high.

"I call this section, 'The Minefield,'" Mike said. "If you ever veered over into that mess it would be all over. There would be no chance of self-rescue or even assisted rescue."

Mike had no need to elaborate further. Gripping our paddles firmly, we canoed with a fast, nine-mile current pushing us through a gauntlet lined with these imposing "blockhouses." In a way, these log barriers were infinitely more dangerous than any bear one might encounter. Finally we broke through to fairly wide water, leaving behind the wooden hazards. If any foolhardy paddlers ever crashed along this stretch, they would pass into legend as canoeists who mysteriously disappeared, never to be found.

On the last morning I felt no elation at all as I rolled up my tent and my plastic groundcloth and carried my gear down to the riverbank. I had become thoroughly attuned to what Mike referred to as "Yukon time." Always gifted with the appropriate phrase, Mike explained, "Yukon time is when we get there." In a few hours, at our take-out, I would be returning to wristwatch time.

In all honesty, though, it was probably time for us all to return to civilization, for a variety of reasons. For me, the signal was a stuck zipper on my tent flap, sand had locked it in place. For Mike it was a minor medical problem of pain in his left elbow and shoulder. He never complained, but a few days of rest would be most beneficial for him. As Shauna told me, "We are paddling 30,000 strokes a day, or 300,000 for the whole Liard trip. In a season, Mike and I paddle 1,600,000 strokes."

Portrait of a happy man. Mike has always said that his second career as a river guide has been more enjoyable and fulfilling than his first job as a corporate engineer.



Such a count takes its toll on muscles and tendons. For his part, Udo had to be back in Germany for his classes within a few days.

Another obvious consideration was evident all around us, the leaves of the poplars and birches were already crinkling and turning yellowish. "It will be fall here in another two weeks," Mike said. The canoeing season in the Yukon was rapidly coming to an end. "In Alaska, when I was up there years ago," I responded, "the locals kept referring to 'termination dust,' that is, snow. When the first snow arrives, the summer workers head back home to the 'lower Forty Eight,' their seasonal employment over."

Once we were back on the river on that final morning, the meandering Liard's many tributaries had now swollen the river to a half-mile width. The current was so powerful that it had recently sliced through an oxbow to create a new, relatively straight slot. "A few years ago, we paddled that whole winding stretch," Mike said. "This new route cuts off two or three miles."

After a two-hour paddle I saw the Alaska Highway Bridge in the distance. This stark reminder of civilization was almost as much of a shock as seeing another bear. From our vantage point, the steel frame on the horizon, with toylike cars and trucks, resembled an Erector set. The old structure looked as if it had remained unchanged since the US Army Corps of Engineers had welded it in place back in 1942.

I would soon be leaving this great river. The prospects of a hot shower, restaurant meals, a motel bed, and electric lights offered little in comparison to what we had experienced for the past ten days.

The Liard had given us everything; wilderness, fishing, companionship, and even the Northern Lights, a gift we could never hope to repay. We thrived on this pristine freshness. Our spirits were incredibly high but this euphoria could not last forever. On an earlier Arctic trip the expedition leader, doubling as team doctor, had explained, "You enjoy better health on these trips than you would at home." His assistant elaborated, "The whole human system is so geared up and intensified for the day-to-day physical and mental challenges of such a trip that you ignore and overcome any minor health problems." The survival instinct prevails.

The Far North rivers enjoy a special distinction. I had asked Udo about the possibility of taking a similar trip in Germany or, for that matter, in other parts of Europe. With an Old World weariness in his eyes he just shook his head. "There, all the riverfront land is in private hands and public campsites are few. There aren't any campsites strung together at intervals to support such a trip." For that reason Udo keeps returning to the Far North for its hundreds, even thousands, of miles of free riverbank campsites with virtually no competition for the vacancies.

I only heard two discouraging words on the whole trip. At breakfast one morning I saw Denis with his plate piled with food. "It's Sunday, Denis," I said. "No swearing today." "Oh, hell," he replied with a grin.

In this immense, sprawling land one cannot become discouraged, at least not for long. That theme has been a hallmark of this region. More than a century ago every gold prospector always held out hope that his bonanza strike was somehow destined to happen. Those hardy fellows, overcoming their initial disappointments when the first panned

creeks failed to yield pay dirt, scrambled over the hillsides time and again to explore yet another creek where, with any luck, they might finally find nuggets. Success and riches surely would await them at the next creek, or the next one after that, a cycle without end in a most heroic, tantalizing quest.

For us on the Liard, we likewise remained confident and upbeat as we paddled onward to discover, around the next bend, a perfect campsite, a superb fishing stretch, a rapids, a bear, even a bit of gold that had eluded the old-timers. In the Yukon there is always a vague promise of future good fortune in the air, surely a holdover from the Gold Rush days. You cannot grab hold of this optimism and squeeze it in your hand, but you know it is there.

A rogue river with a personality all its own, the Liard "does its own thing," gleefully abandoning old channels and establishing new ones. How I wish I could live with the same sense of freedom and independence that this river flaunts. Roll on, Liard, roll on forever.

Practical Information for Liard River Trips

One outfitter is currently available.

For his services, contact:
Mike Patterson, Master Maine Guide
Wilds of Maine Guide Service, Inc
192 Congress St
Belfast, ME 04915
Tel/Fax (207) 338-3932
Website: www.wildsofmaine.com
Email: info@wildsofmaine.com

For the services of Kluane Airways, Ltd,
and Inconnu Lodge, contact:

Warren LaFave
Inconnu Lodge/Kluane Airways
Box 29008 OK Mission RPO
Kelowna, BC, Canada V1W 4A7
Tel (250) 860-4187
Fax (250) 860-8894
Website: www.inconnulodge.com
Email: info@inconnulodge.com

A reality check looms as we head for the take-out at the Alaska Highway, above the hamlet of Upper Liard.



The International Scene

Those who own ships that pass through pirate-busy areas may take out suitable insurance to cover a ransom, but one expert warned there may not be a payout in the case of a hijacking if the insurer can claim the ship was "unseaworthy." And that includes not taking "enough" precautions against piracy such as crew training or providing some of the anti-piracy equipment that is available.

Insurers could be liable for criminal proceedings if they interfere in emergency situation by urging a master not to sign a LOF (Lloyd's Open Form) and the emergency turns into a tragedy and an investigation finds the underwriter responsible for a critical delay.

The contract for one phase of the construction of a new Panama Canal was awarded to Grupos Unidos por el Canal, a consortium headed by a Spanish company. The \$3.1 billion bid was \$1 billion lower than the next lowest bid and \$363,000 under the Canal Authority's own estimate. An American member of the consortium will design the gates for the new locks. Ominously, there were reports that the Spanish firm was having some financial troubles.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank or tried to: Authorities immediately demanded that the owners come up with a plan to limit any environmental damage after the iron ore-laden *Asian Forest* sank near the fair weather buoy off New Mangalore Port in India. Thirteen crewmembers had been picked up from lifeboats and five officers were taken off the ship.

Distress signals were received from the stone-carrying freighter *Langeland* off Sweden, but when rescuers arrived they only found life rafts and assorted flotsam. Six died.

About 100 miles off South Africa the badly listing bulk carrier *Joannis NK* carried 22,500 tonnes of sugar with it when it sank just two hours after rescuers took off the crew of 20.

Ships collided or allided: Probably due to low visibility during a typhoon assaulting Macau, the tugboat *Tai Meng No. 5* collided with a sampan which capsized. One woman died later while six men were injured.

In Bangladesh, the tanker *Sulu Wind* collided with the anchored tanker *Chang An 1* in Chittagong's outer anchorage. No reports of anything exciting in the way of spills or damages but the *Chang An 1* was reported to have been under arrest.

The Chinese heavy-lift ship *Zhen Zua 27*, which had just delivered three container cranes in Sao Paulo, Brazil, hit the berthed small ferry *FB-24*, damaging it and two of 62 vehicles it was carrying. Less than 24 hours earlier at the same port the ferry(?) *Brisa-Mar* collided with a tug. No injuries.

Ships ran aground: The Panama-flagged cargo ship *Full City* ran aground on a small island off Norway's southwest coast and immediately started spewing its bunker oil. Many of its crew of 26 Chinese were immediately evacuated by helicopter. The ship had been waiting for permission to enter harbor when the anchor dragged. The master was charged for not notifying authorities that his ship was in a dangerous position.

The relatively new (three voyages) bulk carrier *Lake Konpira* had multiple problems (rudder, lube oil system, ballast tanks, hull, and engine) and drifted ashore five miles off Gwadar Port in Pakistan. The non-functional vessel was last heard of afloat without power in the outer anchorage.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

In Japanese waters, the bulk carrier *Hanjin Brisbane* ran aground. No leaks or spills.

The tanker *H. Ismail Kaptanoglu* ran aground on the Greek island of Kos but managed to free itself.

In Saldanha Bay in South Africa the big bulk carrier *Long Charity* grounded next to exposed rocks but two tugs freed it.

In southern Massachusetts, the 113' sail-training brig *Unicorn* with an all-girl crew ran aground while transiting Woods Hole and was freed by the New Bedford tug *Jaguar* and two SeaTow boats.

Fire and explosion took a toll: At Dar es Salaam, fire gutted the small (499gt) ro-ro *Pemba* while it was undergoing maintenance. It was the fourth vessel in under four months that had been involved in accidents causing loss of life or property in Tanzanian territory.

In Malaysia, about one mile north of Tanjung Lipat, fire burned out the fore part of the gasoline-laden tanker *Sinar Agra* but nothing spilled.

At Tauranga in New Zealand, there was a fire in the hold of the bulk carrier *STX Daisy* when the engine of an excavator being used to move the cargo of palm kernel caught fire.

An engine room fire on the 167-teu container ship *Forum Avarua* injured no one but caused the ship to be towed to Fiji with damaged cargo.

Humans got hurt: About 180 miles south of Unimak Island south of the Aleutian Chain in Alaska, the US Coast Guard couldn't find a crew member who fell off the container ship *Hyundai Tokyo*.

At Southampton, a crane collapsed across a container ship and the operator was badly hurt.

Six workers at Alang's ship-breaking Plot 24 were suffocated by an engine room fire on the ex-*MSC Jessica*.

Other events: While in the Strait of Istanbul the container ship *Britain Star* had engine troubles and had to quickly anchor.

Latvia's port of Riga was partly evacuated when workers arriving for work found deadly hydrocyanic acid gas leaking and an arriving Swedish ferry was diverted from its normal docking point.

Gray Fleets

At the US Navy submarine base at New London, Connecticut, sailors found a 21" crack in the exterior topside and a matching 1" crack in the pressure hull underneath of the *USS Toledo* (SSN 789). Similar inspections will be conducted on other subs. The attack sub had completed an extensive maintenance period in March.

India's first locally built nuclear-powered submarine, *INS Arihant* (Destroyer of *Enemies*), went out on sea trial but delivery of the first of six *Skorpene*-class subs from France is expected to be delayed past 2012. The design of the *Arihant* was reported to be based on the Soviet *Charlie*-class submarines, one of which India leased in the late 1980s.

A powerful defense lobby wants Australia's next 12 submarines to be nuclear-powered so they will have the speed and range for extended patrols in North Asia. The government maintained it had not changed

its mind because Australia has no nuclear industry and supporting nuclear-powered subs would be extremely difficult.

And *HMAS Adelaide*, one of Australia's two operational *Collins*-class subs (out of a class of six) broke down. Naval authorities would not specify why but others speculated it had something to do with propulsion.

Russia is making a brave show, what with overflights of US carrier groups and attack subs patrolling (several hundred miles) off the east coast, but its industry cannot build new subs as fast as it scraps older ones and the nation has apparently abandoned its plans to build a half a dozen carriers and escort ships, even though materials now cost far less. Bad planning back in the early 1990s and lower prices for Russia's exported oil are the main reasons. And Russia is discussing with France the purchase of one of France's *Mistral*-class amphibious assault vessels.

White Fleets

In Belgium at Zeebrugge, Force 10 (whole gale or storm) gusts broke the bow mooring lines to the *Queen Mary 2* but the tugs *Union Emerald* and *Union Onyx* soon had the big boat back at the pier. Minor damages to both pier and ship.

In British Columbia, two tugs were needed to jerk a dead fin whale from the bulbous bow of the *Sapphire Princess* when it arrived at Vancouver.

Also at Vancouver, the *Oceanic* spilled some heavy oil.

Farther south but still on the West Coast, US FBI agents were taken out to the *Carnival Elation* by a US Coast Guard cutter. There they arrested a man for murder. He reportedly had killed his wife during a domestic altercation onboard.

In Alaskan waters, a female passenger went overboard from the *Zaandam*. Her body was soon found.

On the Danube River, the *Avalon Tranquility* failed to live up to its name when it smashed into the pier and the historical vessel *Schonbrunn* at Linz. The 1912 paddle steamer was seriously damaged.

In Norway, the *Spirit of Adventure* spilled a "large amount" of oil in the famed and very scenic Geiranger Fjord and authorities were most unhappy because it was the second spill there in a week (the identity of other sinner is unknown). Geiranger Fjord has been a World Heritage site since 2005.

The *Voyager of the Seven Seas* docked at Marseille with 60 of its crew sick with the swine flu or H1N1 virus and another 70 showing signs of the flu. Strangely, no passengers were sick and they were allowed to go ashore.

At Venice, the *Ruby Princess* was briefly impounded because it had arrived from Greece with five flu-sick passengers.

The *Noordam* and *Westerdam* will be among cruise ships that will act as hotels at Cape Town, Durban, and Port Elizabeth during the 2010 World Cup soccer competition. They will be joined at Cape Town by the *QE2*, which may stay for 18 months. The retired vessel will probably get there from the Middle East under its own power but without passengers.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Tongan waters, the 37-year-old, state-owned vehicular ferry *Princess Ashika* sank in spite of its crew bailing with buckets and 93 people went missing, although 54 were rescued. The master was blamed. He said he knew the vessel was unseaworthy but felt

pressured to sail and that rusty loading ramps had allowed water onto the lower deck. The King left the country the next day and the transport minister said he was blameless but resigned anyhow. Both a competitor and a ship surveyor had looked over the ferry and both said it was obviously unseaworthy.

In California, the passenger-less 57' Balboa Island car ferry *Captain* went aground and got a 2' hole in its bow. No fuel was spilled.

In Canada's Maritimes, the big ferry *Atlantic Vision* left North Sydney but soon hurriedly returned because of dramatic evidence of a fire nobody could find, perhaps because of thick black smoke in the boiler room. None of the ferry's 626 passengers were harmed.

At Dumaguete City Port in the Philippines, the *Super Ferry 5* rammed its dock hard enough to create "millions of pesos" of damage.

In Greece in the volcanic caldera at Santorini, the ro-ro/pax *Blue Star 1* collided with the yacht *Panorama*. Both were detained for inspection but there were no damages or injuries.

Off Haiti, a "boat" capsized and as many as 60 were missing.

In the Sudan, the Nile, the sinking of a boat ferrying women and children across the Nile killed 11.

The ferry *Ocean King* listed (probably due to shifting cargo) and sank off southern Leyte but all 121 passengers were saved.

In Sweden at Nynäshamn, fleetmate ferries *Gotlandia II* and *Gotland* managed to find each other in thick fog. Seats were smashed in the severe collision but luckily they were unoccupied because passengers had grouped elsewhere for disembarking. Only 15 people were injured, five seriously. Some reports stated that a contributor to the collision was that the *Gotlandia II* had to change course to avoid a collision with a vessel described as the *Aulis*, which may be a Finnish tug.

In the Philippines, bomb-sniffing dogs detected explosives on the ferry *Blue Water*. Found in a washroom, the bombs were improvised from ammonium nitrate and nails (for maximum human damage) and glass bottles, and were inside a sack connected to a detonator.

Although a veteran Scottish minister warned that allowing ferries to travel between Ullapool and the Isle of Skye on the Sabbath would bring a crime wave to the Isle, many on that island greeted the new service with pleasure. At last report there had been no noticeable increase in crime, but on that first Sunday the ferry *Isle of Lewis* had exhaust-pipe problems and the *Isle of Arran* was substituted. It arrived after dark, carried half as many vehicles, and was 45 minutes slower.

In Spain, the ro-ro/pax *El Djazair* hit the dock while at Alicante and 3,000 departing passengers then boarded but had to wait on board for something like three days until another ferry arrived. At one point police had to use batons to control angry passengers.

A double-hulled canoe capsized in the Pacific nation of Kiribati and 18 went missing. The ferry had been on its way from the capital city Tarawa to Independence Day celebrations on the outlying atoll of Maiana.

In Indonesia, the ferry *Sonde Jaye* sank one hour after leaving Panjang Strait. Twenty-nine were rescued by fishermen, two bodies were found, and "dozens of others" were missing, another instance of not knowing how many had boarded. The "driver" (master?) and "mechanic" (chief engineer?) were charged with negligence leading to death.

In British Columbia, three large high-speed catamaran ferries were built for BC Fer-

ries but failed to be satisfactory due to high fuel consumption and wake issues. These Pacificats sat idle for a decade but were recently bought by an Abu Dhabi shipyard. The question now is whether they end up as ultra-luxurious gigayachts, a speciality of the yard.

Legal Matters

A pilot got ten years in jail for a bad pilot-ing job that resulted in the container ship *Cosco Busan* hitting a San Francisco bridge and dumping thousands of gallons of fuel oil.

The first officer of the Greek-managed crude-oil tanker *Theotokos* was the first person convicted of violating US anti-pollution laws designed to keep invasive species out of US water. The master of the same vessel was found guilty of other anti-pollution offenses.

Illegal Imports

An area of 1,600 square miles was searched for survivors of a leaky immigrant boat from Haiti. At least 79 were missing, nine were dead, and 113 were rescued, most from a coral reef. The vessel was estimated to be a freighter between 30' and 50' long.

Venezuela closed a shipping office at Puerto Caballo and arrested 13 office workers after 1.26 tonnes of cocaine were seized there.

Metal-Bashing

The 300 ship scrapping yards worldwide are at 80% of capacity and that may drop scrap prices below \$200 per ldw. The industry is now worth \$2 billion and 95% of all deals are in cash.

In conformance with United Nations Resolution 1874, Italy stopped the sale of two luxury yachts to the family of North Korean dictator Kim Jong-Il.

Some shipyards had bad days. The Danish ro-ro ferry *Tor Fressia* was in drydock being lengthened by insertion of a new mid-section, but when the bow section was being towed forward it flopped over against the drydock's wall. A second try was successful.

In Nova Scotia, the newbuild small cruise ship *Pearl Mist* failed sea trials and it will not enter service until May 2010, too late for the spring cruises. Building of a sister was canceled.

In the Philippines at Consolacion on Cebu, the ro-ro/pax *Tacloban Princess* was so badly damaged by fire while being dry-docked that it can no longer be repaired and will be scrapped.

Nature

At the end of World War II, no-longer-needed munitions were dumped into the sea worldwide. Now NOAA is monitoring underwater currents at two dumping sites off Pokai Bay on Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands and the US Army Corps of Engineers may start recovering some ordnance next year using underwater robots.

NOAA scientists have demonstrated that radar satellites can detect tsunamis in the open ocean by changes in the sea surface texture. The new technique may supplement warnings from tsunami-sensing buoys and other sources.

While pushing or towing a barge on the Volga near the town of Oktyabrsk the tank barge *Belskaya-75* being pushed by the Russian tugboat *Shlyuzovoi-130* ran aground and dumped nine tonnes of its cargo of 4,500 metric tons of oil. Officials had originally estimated the spill at only two tonnes and damage was estimated at 14 million rubles (over \$450,000).

Rogue waves may be ten times more

prevalent than thought and can exist in coastal waters as well as far at sea.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Why should there be an aura of mystery about a Maltese-flagged bulk carrier managed by a Finnish firm that is carrying a cargo of Finnish wood products to Algeria? Routine, surely! Off the Swedish islands of Oland and Gotland, about ten masked men impersonating Swedish police reportedly seized the cargo ship *Arctic Sea* and held it for about 12 hours before disappearing in a high-speed inflatable. The 15 Russians on board the ship said they were tied up and beaten and the invaders had searched the ship, damaged some communication equipment, and removed some items. The ship then continued its voyage southward, was spotted off Portugal about six days later, and then it simply disappeared. Searching parties included Russian assets of four warships from the Black Sea fleet, two nuclear submarines, and satellites. The best guess was that the ship was hijacked, may carry a hidden and high-value cargo, and was somewhere in the Atlantic. As this column is written (August 20), there are reports that the ship was spotted several hundred miles from the Cape Verde Islands. By the way, the *Arctic Sea* is a member of a class of 22 vessels, four of which have had serious stability problems such as capsizing.

Piracy off Somalia continued much as before. Ships were grabbed and eventually released after payment of ever-increasing ransoms, etc. Russian Navy experts estimated that there were more than 5,000 pirates operating off the two coasts of Somalia. That navy has supplied several anti-piracy warships and they have had some successes.

Much of what happens in Nigeria is unreported but five oil workers were charred to death when Nigerian militants attacked ten pipes on a Lagos harbor pier at night. There was a firefight with Nigerian naval forces but they were overpowered and dynamite was used to blast a pipe manifold.

Basque separatists were blamed for a bomb blast on the island of Mallorca that killed two police officers, wounded about 65, and closed the seaports of Palma and Alcudia.

On the Amazon River, six armed bandits boarded the small luxury cruise ship *Aqua* and robbed 24 passengers of their valuables.

Odd Bits

The US Coast Guard buoy tenders *Spar*, *Sycamore*, *Elderberry*, *Maple*, *Hickory*, *Anthony Petii*, and *Fir* and the Canadian buoy tender *Provo Wallis* assembled at Juneau, Alaska, for the annual 17th District Buoy Tender Olympics, a week of training and competition.

Brazil did not take kindly to other nations' rubbish being sent to its shores for disposal and sent 89 containers (or 1,700 tonnes) of dead batteries, used syringes, dirty diapers or nappies, rotten food, and other "things" back to England from where the containers had been shipped.

Hydrogen sulphide is a deadly gas that can, under some circumstances, be released in large quantities while drilling for oil. Ten unusual vessels are now in service in the Caspian Sea to rescue workers. Each of the Ice Breaking Emergency Escape Vessels has a wheelhouse at each end, can hold 380 people in a pressurized gas-free environment, and has engines that can operate for one hour without recourse to the outside atmosphere by using air supplied by a Combustion Air System.

We left the Independent Seaport Museum in Philadelphia early Monday morning on June 22, bound for New England. Capt Rick, Dan McGrath, and I wind our way through the 4am darkness past the myriad lights of barges, buoys, tugs, and anchored ships. After several hours the sky begins to lighten. We pass many familiar sites on the Delaware River including Pea Patch Island and the looming Salem nuclear plant. The lower Delaware is almost glassy, dolphins lazily breaking the surface around *Elf*. As we near Cape May, the ferry crosses our bow and it's time to don our foul weather gear as the skies turn. We chart a long conservative course around the Cape May Shoals. One was named "Prissy Wick's Shoals" (I need to look up the story behind that name)!

A sea turtle with a head as big as a cantaloupe pops its head up and seems to wonder, after viewing *Elf*, what century it is. A red sun somehow finds a break in the clouds, making a last-minute appearance before setting. It's dark before we drop anchor near the Cape May Coast Guard Station at the end of a long 17-hour day.

The next morning Capt Rick deftly maneuvers *Elf* around a very tight dead end channel so we can fuel up. We pass a fleet of very seaworthy looking commercial fishing vessels, good to see them surviving. The leg to Atlantic City is a much shorter run. We have the anchor set by happy hour, right next to our friend Alan on his schooner *Green Dragon*, which is also bound for Mystic Seaport, Connecticut. After much good conversation night falls and the casinos put on their spectacular display of lights.

In the early morning there is a very odd, low, gray cloud encircling the casinos, as if the cigarette smoke oozed out and lingered to remind us of a long night of sinning and gambling. Wednesday is a long run up the Jersey coast, but since we started early there's still some light left when we set anchor in Grave's End Bay, near the foot of the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. Dan gets some great nighttime photos of the bridge and lights.

We plan the next day carefully, timing the tides and currents just right to pass through the infamous Hell Gate and to get a push out Long Island Sound. We motor through busy New York Harbor past a long line of oil tankers at anchor, the Statue of Liberty, and Ellis

Elf Makes Triumphant Return to New England!

By Don Shaffer
Photos by Dan McGrath
(Reprinted from *The Helm*, Newsletter of the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, Inc)

Island. I've sailed through here before on the tall ship *Californian* for Opsail 2000 and it is no less spectacular this time, but the skyline has changed. We cruise up the East River under renowned bridges in sight of the Empire State Building, the United Nations, and other famous landmarks. We time Hell Gate just right, passing easily through its jaws, and glide out toward the Sound past Riker's Island, LaGuardia Airport, and the US Merchant Marine Academy on King's Point. We make good progress on the Sound and anchor just inside the channel at Clinton, Connecticut.

On Friday, we have only a half-day's run to Mystic Seaport. Soon a thick fog sets in and we're running blind. The long deep foghorn of a large ship looms in the distance, getting closer and closer. Nerves are a bit frayed. Do they see us (radar)? We sure as hell can't see them. Soon after that ship's horn finally begins to fade in the distance, we hear another large ship's horn approaching. We have been passing in front of two shipping channels, one coming out of the Connecticut River and the other out of New London. Finally we get to more shallow water behind Fisher's Island but still must keep a vigilant watch as smaller boats appear abruptly out of the fog.

We are nearing the narrow Mystic channel when suddenly a lighthouse on a rocky outcrop appears very close by. We are exactly where we should be, but for a moment it seems alarmingly close. We wind our way through the narrow channel past the quaint village of Noank and under the drawbridge at Mystic. This definitely looks like New England!

We take our place at the Mystic Wooden Boat Show among dozens of gorgeous vessels, but *Elf* stands out even among these

beauties. We are kept very busy the next few days telling *Elf's* story and answering the sometimes very detailed questions from hundreds of admirers. Thankfully, Tira and Rob Mitchell arrive from back home so we get a break and have time to see all the fascinating boats and exhibits. Also, Bill Sontag and Debbie try to troubleshoot the electronics (AIS). We networked like mad, making connections that I'm sure will prove very valuable for future *Elf* journeys in New England. The enthusiasm from *Elf's* admirers is inspiring. I am disappointed we are not venturing to Narragansett Bay and beyond on this trip, but *Elf's* engine is not well and we soon need to begin winding our way home. But there were to be more adventures in store for us.

Dan got off at Mystic and Carol Niemand shipped on as crew. There's not much privacy on *Elf* below decks but we worked things out rather well. Our next stop was across the Sound to Sag Harbor, nestled in the outer forks of Long Island. Nearing the breakwater numerous megayachts announced that we were in the Hamptons, playground of celebrities and the rich and famous. We were invited aboard a beautifully-restored Alden schooner for cocktails. The owner recognized immediately that *Elf* was something special. Aside from being an obviously very successful contractor and looking kind of like Richard Gere, he was very knowledgeable about classic yacht restoration. Wintertime he charts the yacht in the islands and makes it available for photo shoots. He related how his skipper called him once to complain, "There are seven nearly naked Victoria Secret models running amuck on board." Everyone laughed incredulously and I sensed Rick's imagination running wild, pondering *Elf's* imminent glamorous future.

Next was a short hop to Greenport with a visit to an old boyard full of classic yachts in various stages of restoration. We get an early start next morning to shoot with the current through Plum Gut on the way to Port Jefferson. The wind and waves being on our nose (again) and taking on some green water over the bow, we alter plans and steer course back across the Sound to the Connecticut side, allowing us to set some sail and make better time. We alight in the small port of Branford. The folks at the Branford Yacht Club extend us wonderful hospitality, running Carol to the store for supplies, offering us food and a place to tie up for the night. Numerous members visit *Elf*, reminding us again that New Englanders seem to have a much greater appreciation for classic yachts than those elsewhere.

The following day we cut back across the Sound to Oyster Bay, Long Island. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club (SYC) extends us privileges, offering us a mooring. We have cocktails on the expansive portico with a long sweeping view of Oyster Bay Harbor. Inside I'm transfixed by the large paintings of sail races, the trophy case, and half-hull model room. On the tennis courts, at tables with white tablecloths, we feast like royalty at their "Salty Dog" buffet. Greatly enhancing this memorable experience, I found myself considering the role SYC played in the early development of yacht racing in America, and the significant connections to *Elf's* genealogy.

Founded in 1871, SYC (in contrast to the New York Yacht Club) espoused Corinthian yachting. They played a large part in developing racing rules and in promoting more seaworthy racing yachts. Key mem-



bers of SYC championed the advantages of the British cutters over American "skimming dishes." The cutter craze of the 1880s climaxed in "compromise sloops," including three Burgess-designed, Lawley-built America's Cup winners and yachts like *Elf*.

We next run down the Sound under beautiful fair weather toward the distant Manhattan skyline. Cruising alongside Manhattan's skyscrapers and on through New York Harbor under bright blue skies is no less exhilarating than previous sails. We anchor in the Atlantic Highlands, behind Sandy Hook.

We set out the next day for a long run to Atlantic City. Our course points directly into fresh winds and 6'-8' seas so our progress is very poor. We set sail, tacking far off the coast, but on the return tack find we made little progress. We head into it again but find that although *Elf* can obviously take this abuse, our speed is reduced to between 0.7-1.2 kts. The GPS tells us at this rate we will arrive at our destination at 5am! Carol is pale and chilled

and we're all pretty wet. Rick makes the difficult decision to turn back and run with it. It is 15nm ahead to Barnegat and 17nm back to the Highlands. But it soon becomes obvious that this is the right decision as we are running comfortably with the weather, surfing down waves at over 7kts. We make it back behind Sandy Hook shortly after dark.

Tuesday's weather is much improved. We glide through Absecon inlet under the glamorous lights of Atlantic City in the dark.

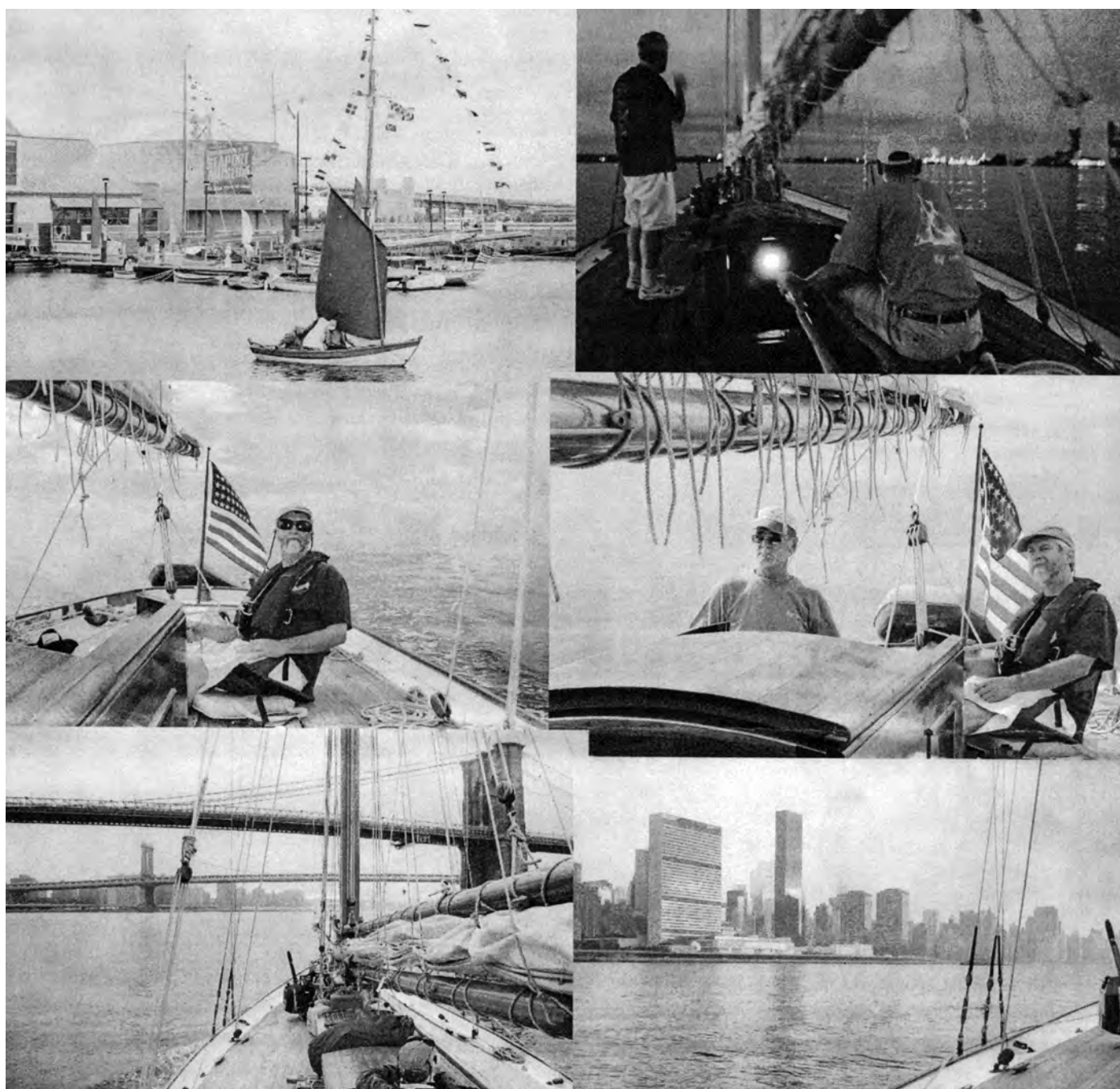
Wednesday morning we find the engine won't start. We spend several days trying to fix it. Finally, on the third day a mechanic officially pronounces the Westerbeke dead. There are far worse places than Atlantic City to be stranded. The nice folks at Kameranin's Marina are very empathetic.

We head out for Cape May on Saturday with the dinghy acting as yawl boat pushing us alongside. We make surprisingly good progress with dolphins accompanying us, and anchor in front of the Coast

Guard station in time for happy hour. We hang out at Cape May for a couple of days waiting for a relief crew. We have a nice long walk around town and back. Rick cooks up a great meal of fresh scallops. Did I mention that we eat really well on *Elf*? Of course, those who know Capt Rick won't be the least surprised at that. Falling behind schedule four days means Carol and I need to return home. The relief crew, Dan and his friend Ted, help *Elf* on the last leg home, up the Delaware River, through the C&D Canal to the Sassafras.

This return journey to New England waters for *Elf* ends a hiatus of many decades. Fundraising for a new engine is now of paramount importance for *Elf*'s continuing mission. A reliable engine is essential for making an ambitious, distant schedule of events. Thanks for the adventure, *Elf*.

(All photos taken by Dan on the trip may be seen at: www.flickr.com/photos/pieball/collections/72157621885895714/)





Because of the passage of time and the passings of people, many may not remember the story of the *Sindhia* but others may have read about it on the *thesindhia.com* website, that fascinating story of the 329' steel-hulled, four-masted sailing barque which ran aground in the very early hours of December 15, 1901, a mere 150 yards from the beach of Ocean City, New Jersey, in the United States.

She was traveling from Japan headed for New York and sailing off the New Jersey coast under full canvas when she came to sudden rest in the sand after losing her way in a storm. Over the years that followed the wreck of the *Sindhia* sank deeper and deeper into the sand and water and several attempts to recover her failed. In 1969 the wreck and the area in which she lay was designated as an official historical site by the State of New Jersey.

He Re-Created the *Sindhia*

By Mark Steele
With Photos by Anthony Hunt

You would think that there would be several scale models around of the ill-fated ship, but aside from one in the Ocean City Historical Museum in New Jersey I can find no other, that is other than the one created over a period of 14 years in Sydney, Australia, by my perfectionist friend and skilled model shipwright, Ian Hunt, which this arti-

cle is about. It is a model of immense size and incredible, almost unbelievable, detail and is perhaps the finest one ever made of this vessel, or for that matter ever likely to be made.

Nine thousand, two hundred and six hours went into the making of this 10'6" (or 3.2m) model, at the time of photography leaving only the keel to be attached before an October one-off launching and embracing by the water.

This *Sindhia*, without her detachable sailing keel, is 91lbs (40 kilos), a substantial weight and you would hardly take her overseas on an aeroplane as excess baggage! In fact, getting the model into a truck for transport to the launching site may require a mechanical hoist unless there are helpers each not in any way concerned about getting a hernia.

I have the first photograph sent to me by Ian of him standing by the hull and holding it towards the sky, was that a sign of high expectations I wondered at the time, or some private signal that the builder considered that the build would be a very tall upward (and lengthy) task?

The hull is built with 28 frames, 16 stringers, plus three watertight bulkheads that divide it into five separate compartments. I think that Ian may have wanted to ensure that no damn sandbank or rising tide was ever going to sink his *Sindhia*. I reflect on the weight of the model here and use the rather crude Kiwi saying, "built like a brick sh**house," but in the case of Ian Hunt's square-rigger she is far from that and is, instead, a "ship-house" of great beauty.

The model's hull is planked with 480' (146m) of $\frac{3}{16}$ " kauri pine and decked with 369' (121m) of kauri planking laid on a $\frac{1}{16}$ " waterproof ply deck. The patience, skill, a steady hand, and good eyesight needed in the construction by Ian, I believe, needs stressing. On the patience side there is the time taken before the model would be completed, the steady hand requirement does not need explaining but can be linked to the highly intricate work such as the 234 belaying pins, each one lathe-turned from standard pop rivets and filed to shape, and the attaching of the ship's ratlines to the shrouds requiring 1,510 clove hitches that needed two pairs of tweezers plus use of a magnifier.

Each of the *Sindhia's* four lifeboats are built exactly like the original, clinker planked, internally each one fitted with stringers, frames, thwarts, hooks, knees, and spreaders, each boat with six handshaped oars, one slightly longer steering oar, rudder, and separate tiller, mast, rope, and wooden bailer, and they float and sail.

There is so much more, like the brass anchors that can be dropped using the anchor release gear, the deck-mounted cargo winches with 105 similar parts (and there are three of them!), the anchor windlass buried below the foredeck and with 84 separate components that took three months to build, and the complicated Harland & Wolff patent design rigging screws and chainplates that attach the rigging to the hull, 96 of them in total.

In my opinion, this one, absolutely magnificent, hand-built-by-one-man scale model of the Harland & Wolff built barque *Sindhia* represents an achievement par excellence in the world of model shipbuilding where good things take time and all the other attributes needed by the model shipwrights on this planet of ours. Ian Hunt, I am impressed beyond belief, I am proud to be your friend and I salute your achievement





We had decided living in a cardboard box was not an option. Spending the rest of our lives camping and traversing the Appalachian Trail also just did not seem practical. We, however, did not want to become homeless, so here begins the story of *Schemer's* restoration.

Ed and I have had many life changes. We married, had two children, and expected to live happily ever after. Life, however, had different plans. At the age of ten our youngest daughter died. That changed all the rules.

We then just started to move in all sorts of directions as fast as we could, just so we didn't have to think or remember the way life had been. We started taking on all types of projects, throwing ourselves into the fray, finishing them as fast as possible, and then starting another. Our oldest daughter was dragged along in our wake. She really didn't have a choice but we knew we had to keep moving. Being a moving target kept the memories and pain at bay for all of us.

The first project was a small catboat named *Dogwatch* (See "The Find," June 2009). We finished that project within two months and launched it one year after our daughter's death to the day.

Ed had gone from being a supervisor in a printing company with nice benefits to becoming a boat builder. He wanted to and I wanted him to. "No regrets," I said. "I don't want you ever to say, 'I should have.'" Basically he "retired" to boat building at the age of 40. He worked for a wonderful man by the name of Pert Lowell who ran a boatyard/shop on the tidal Parker River in Newbury, Massachusetts. Pert taught Ed a whole lot about boat building, but mostly he taught Ed that boats are meant to be used and not cherished, and one saying he was fond of was "you can't sell out of an empty basket." Ed has since used that same saying many times.

I continued to work as a nurse to provide us with health insurance and to make money. We also continued restoring boats. It was fun and kept us busy, but not busy enough... we needed a bigger project. A house. That would keep us busier.

To make a long story short we restored that first house and many more after it. We were good at it. We were good at being moving targets, dodging and ducking as quickly as we could. We made a nice income restoring houses. Our oldest daughter once again was caught up in our wake. She was beginning to think plaster dust in her hair was the new conditioner and she was getting really good at remembering her new addresses.

Her saving grace was that she was flexible, loved us, and soon would be off to college so, at least for those next four years she would have the same address. She was smart enough and lucky enough to qualify for quite a few scholarships (which in the near future

Schemer

By Sue Hammer

would become increasingly more important to her). These scholarships allowed her to go to a good university and live in a relatively clean dorm. The stable address and plaster dust-free environment would be a unique experience for her.

Soon I stopped working as a nurse and joined in working at house restoration full-time because, of course, Ed was having much more fun than I was. He took care of all the woodworking and building and re-building and I took care of all the gutting, insulating, plastering, burning paint, and re-painting. We bought houses, fixed them up, and sold them. It was a fast paced and lucrative way to avoid the re-occurring void.

We found ourselves investing in speculative properties in other states and in areas of real estate we were unfamiliar with. Taking bigger and bigger chances, becoming a faster and faster moving target. Which brings us to October 19, 1987... BLACK MONDAY.

We found ourselves without any properties saleable at a profit. They did sell... all below what we paid for them. We had to sell our own home for less than what we owed, we had credit card debt, we had all kinds of debt. I had to go back to work as a nurse and Ed had to go door to door looking for carpentry work. We moved into a rented cottage, we could no longer be a moving target, we had to face our fears.

We realized very quickly that we needed a roof that was ours. The first thing that came to mind was to go back to what we knew and could afford, a boat. We needed to create a boat that would keep us afloat... so to speak.

Ed found a boat advertised in *MAIB*, a 32' Gloucester fishing boat with a small cabin. We paid \$1,500 for *Schemer*. The name was original and, we thought, under the circumstances very appropriate. We motored our new home up from Ipswich to the Parker River. We spent the first night sleeping in the turquoise blue cabin, dreaming about how to create a liveaboard out of this tired, paint sick, 1950s, wooden, very sad fishing boat. We had rescued ourselves from ourselves.

It was early fall of 1991. We lived in our rented cottage. I worked 50-60 hours a week. Ed worked periodically for the boat shop and picked up what carpentry work came his way. We had moved *Schemer* to the boatyard which was connected to the boatshop where Ed had spent so many great hours learning the skills that had become so important to him and ultimately to us. On the weekends we started working on *Schemer* and tore her

down to her bones. We thought we heard her sigh, a sigh of relief.

The weather was getting colder so Ed wrapped the boat up in a blue tarp. Its such a pretty color when the sun shines in, it really makes you think you are in zippity-doo-dah land with a blue bird sitting on your shoulder. We had a small kerosene heater perched in what was to be the main salon. We could warm our hands... not much else. I started above the waterline, he had below plus all the cabin work so I guess he had some of above the waterline, too. I stripped the paint off the hull with a pudding pad sander, 60-grit sandpaper, and a lot of determination. That paint came flying off that hull. I found the transom to be of well-preserved oak and the name *Schemer* had been carved into it.

I already had decided that would deserve gold leaf. It probably should have been surrounded with flashing neon lights just to be a constant reminder to us of our past blunders. Not that we really needed reminders when our every weekend and day off was filled with blood, sweat, and tears. Builds character, right?

Ed worked in the bilge to sister and strengthen the ribs, recreated a below deck, built bulkheads to strengthen the topsides, and refastened all the creaky and leaky planking.

Did mention it was getting colder? Also, did I mention that particular year we had a snow storm every weekend? Boat yards don't get plowed which meant we carried all the materials down into the "Tug and Grunt Boatyard," a pet name of Pert's. We were really beginning to understand the true meaning of the name. Snow drifts were up to our waists. If we had planned ahead we could have used the plywood as sleds.

Ed contracted with a local sawmill and paid for an oak tree to be sawn up in lengths of lumber. That would become the framework of our cabin and all the interior and exterior trim and doors. He bandsawed all the cabin beams to follow the natural curves of the limbs to create a rounded cabin top. We were fortunate enough to be able to use the boatshop on the weekends, it became our workshop. Our funds were limited so the side walls were made of MDO plywood. The windows were removable plexiglass panels, we built oak framed sliding doors to access the rear cockpit.

We worked through the winter, spring, and part of the summer. The weather was not cooperative, snow, sleet, freezing rain. We should have had "USPS" emblazoned on our foreheads. We really had been baptized by Mother Nature and knew every leak in the boat before it went in the water.

We stretched canvas over the cabin roof and decks, then screwed on deck rails, painted all the decks with a buff color typically reserved for catboats, oiled all the new brightwork. Ed built a main salon settee with a leafed



table. I cut dense foam and made cushion covers and throw pillows, this would be sleeping space for our daughter on her visits home or an occasional visiting friend who enjoyed too many glasses of wine. The pilot's station was created by elevating the seat to look out the new opening and closing windows that would let in the warm salty breezes and keep out the cold salty water while underway.

The footrest was a tiller I had carved for Ed for a previous sailboat. She was a heavily-endowed mermaid I carved out of locust (another story), which actually was too top heavy for a good balanced tiller but made a wonderful footrest. Ed's father, a master electrician, was good enough to volunteer his time to rewire the entire boat.

I was beginning to see a glimmer of light, the end of the project was a beckoning haze on the horizon. There was a real possibility of getting this boat in the water by the Fourth of July. Ed, on the other hand, was suggesting... no, on second thought, I would say he was strongly stating something like, "no damn way." We had, he said, to caulk the seams, paint the bottom, test the engine, fit a bowsprit and anchor, add a mizzen mast and steady sail, there were lines to splice, screening to apply to window openings. His list went on and on.

All I could see was the Fourth of July fireworks showering over our heads while we

sat at anchor on a beautiful summer night. All he could see was more and more work!!! Ed, you are so dark!

Ed and I have very different approaches to work, which in past projects have created some degree of tension. I like to be what I call "efficient." Ed calls it "PUSHY." Ed likes to be, I guess you could call it "thorough." I call it... careful... PAINSTAKINGLY CAREFUL.

Have I mentioned we have and had an incredible group of friends who, if given enough beer and chili, will work into the dark of night? A call was placed, the chili was made, the beer was bought, and we had a bunch of friends, mostly boaters themselves, who were able to splice lines, help caulk the bottom, help paint the bottom, insert screens, test run the engine, help with the bowsprit, and pretty much just be good friends helping out, having a few good laughs, and in the end making the July Fourth launch a true possibility. I painted the hull with the best grade dark green house paint one could buy. Ed set the mizzen mast and bent on the sail. *Schemer* was launched June 19, 1993.

Schemer became our movable home. I love living on a boat because we really have to decide what is important. We had a two-burner alcohol stove and a grill. We ate very well and actually had a couple of dinner parties. We had a small electric heater that kept us pretty comfortable. We had a tiny B&W

TV. We got three stations and a lot of snow. Ed strung antenna wire around the forward cabin above where we slept in our giant V-berth. The on-screen blizzard became just gently falling snow. We tied up to a local marina which had showers, electricity, and capability to have a land phone line. Cell phones had not yet become part of our lives.

I worked the 7-3 shift. The walk up to the shower in the early morning could be treacherous, we had to watch out for icy docks. I ironed my uniforms on our berth... people at work thought I looked pretty clean and neat, even if I did live on a boat. Ed, in addition to building, did design work and had a small portable drawing board on which I am sure his drawing had to be compensated somewhat for the wave action. His van became his workshop, it housed all his tools and occasionally he had been known to borrow someone's garage for a day or two.

Schemer had become our friend, our partner, our confidant. She welcomed our family and friends, she even became part of a wedding party. She provided protection from the rain above and the water below. She behaved well in following seas and wind-driven waves. She gave us the opportunity to prove what we could do and what she could be. She gave us much more than shelter... she gave us another chance.





**Rick Carrion,
President**

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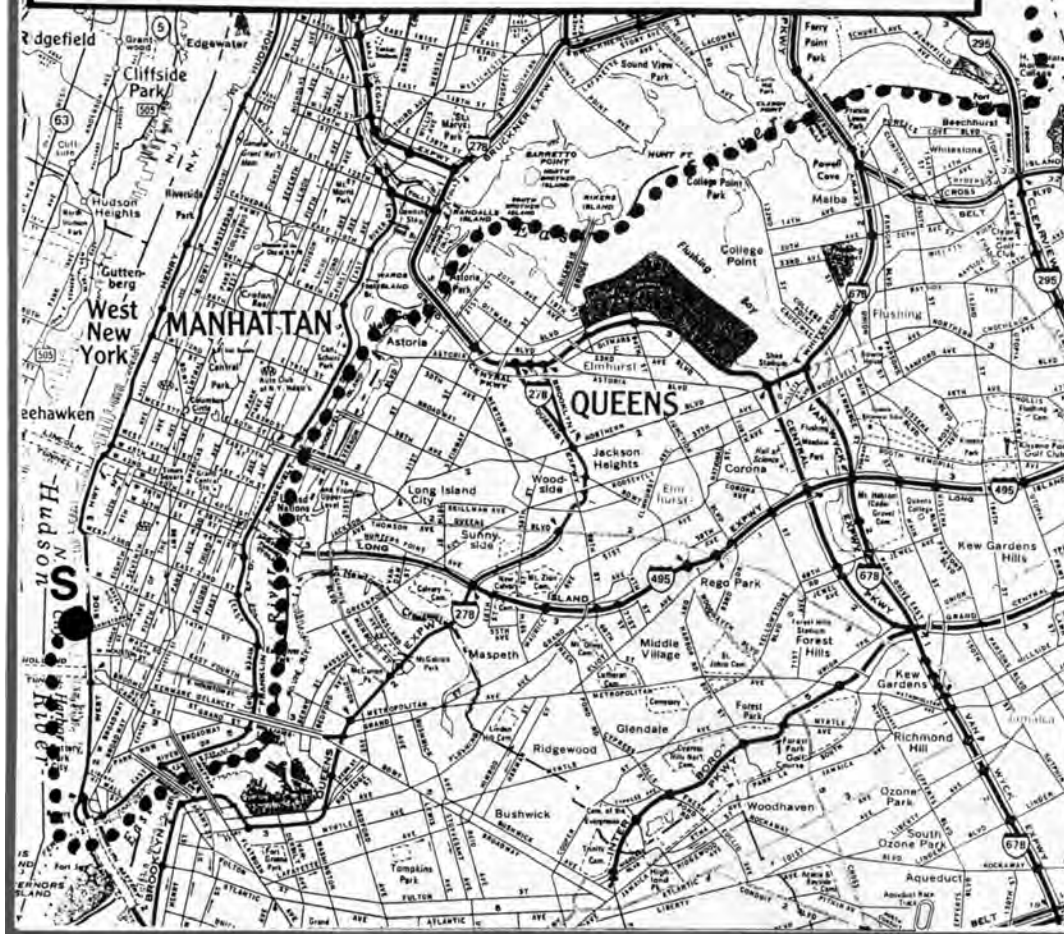
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The heat is off in this 100-year-old tenement building which is a block from the Hudson River. I'm warming the room, which is formerly an old longshoreman's suite, with scrap lumber left over from the *Great Eastern*. A piece of red oak from a pallet from which I made my mast step is burning now next to a scrap of 2" thick Douglas fir that for years was the bathroom shelf before it became the transom.

As I look back on my one and only boat building project (except for that 12" LST in the sixth grade) the only thing I did wrong was to do it all without a vacuum cleaner. That would have defeated the sawdust so easily.

The voyage itself, a completely maiden one in that there had not been even a shake-down cruise, took place after a phone call to the Coast Guard which, in effect, gave its blessing when the guy said I was too small a vessel for the rules to apply, except for the life jackets. That call, a copy of Eldridge, an incomplete set of New York Harbor charts and a \$1.89 liquid-filled pocket compass in case of fog, became the foundations for what turned out to be a 25-mile voyage.

The reach and the beating about three miles across Eastchester Bay proved a fierce test. The wind was so strong and had puffs even stronger that it took two of us to hold the mainsheet. I had neglected to install any pul-

25 Years Ago in MAIB

ley blocks. To avoid capsizing, which was a threat in the puffs and when we rose suddenly up from a trough to the top of a crest and into the direct brunt of that northwest wind, we had to be able to spill the wind instantly. That's why we both had to hold the sheet, we couldn't in any way wrap it or cleat it.

Luckily the sail was small so it was sort of reefed. It was a cream-colored, all cotton sail made originally for a canoe and had belonged to my great-grandfather who was born in New York City in 1850. That sail was at least 80 years old and never complained.

The decision to revive, in my own small way, the practice of shipbuilding in Manhattan turned out to be a good one. The first benefit of my project to build a 16' sailboat in my Greenwich Village apartment became apparent at cocktail parties. It had cache. Meanwhile, as I progressed along on the little vessel, I experienced the satisfaction that comes from finally carrying out an old dream. I'd al-

ways revered Joshua Slocum, sailor and writer who, at the turn of the century was the first solo circumnavigator. He had the right stuff. Did I?

What also kept me at it, thereby condemning the front half of my partitionless railroad flat into the sawdust zone for the two-and-a-half months that construction lasted, was my longing for an R/V for the sea, a sailing plywood Winnebago. The question of how to modify the plans, which were drawn by one Phil Bolger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and sold to me by Harold "Dynamite" Payson of S Thomaston, Maine, to provide a bone dry compartment for a 2' ghetto blaster and my entire collection of Little Richard, Elvis Costello, Chuck Berry, Bobby Bland, Bruce Springsteen, and Richie Valens, converted to cassettes, was a daily concern and fantasy.

I mean, there, right across from me at my neighborhood Bank St pier on the Hudson was Springsteen's New Jersey Industrial Skyline, and to get HIM aboard singing about IT, while sailing past IT was indeed a worthy goal. What better way for a guy who'd just moved to New York to pay his respects to the area?

At first, the idea of building a sailboat in my apartment seemed, well, wrong. Later on, after research proved that it was the inexpensive location, that it was terribly convenient (even ten minutes was free time enough

to measure another piece or somehow make progress), and that it would be possible to get the damn thing out, I realized that building at home would be just right,

I'd bought a copy of *WoodenBoat* magazine on Hudson St and read about \$15 plans for an easy-to-build boat. First I ascertained from the designer by mail the minimal opening through which such a boat would go, finding that my front window, with the two sashes removed, would be plenty big enough. By God, it was a go! I sent for the plans. My friend Sam taught me to use his architect's scale rule with which I could read the life-size dimensions off the plans. I moved my 1952 Philco table model combination radio and record player (both broken), serving now as a kind of Bohemian dinette set, and generally geared up.

"Measure twice, cut once," the words of Mr Martin, my grammar school shop teacher, began to echo in my head as I prepared to indulge in my first carpentry since replacing a rotten porch board through which I had fallen ten years back during the Tobacco Road chapter of my life.

Job number one was to build a workbench out of an old door. Then began what turned out to be as challenging, amusing, and time-consuming a job as the carpentry itself. I commenced pilgrimages to Canal St to acquire tools and materials. A funny thing happened on the way to Canal St in that I discovered as much useful stuff on the streets as I found in the stores. I began to think of myself as Crusoe. He plundered his wrecked ship, I plundered wreckage in dumpsters. It was magic to find, say, an 8' stud that had obviously been hidden in some wall since the 1890s (dated by the nails and the full dimensions of those days) and decree for it a whole new life at sea.

One day on Greenwich St a tremendous crowd gathered in front of a house that had been sold furnished, but whose new owner wanted empty. Workers were simply passing things out to the crowd. Only the least desirable stuff reached the dumpster. But that's where I found my handsaw.

By far the most historically significant item that reached my budding workshop was given to me by a friend. It was a piece of white oak, a wood that weighs 57 pounds per cubic foot, making it one of the densest that grows on the East Coast. It was, and is, the wood of choice among ship builders because it's very strong. Back in 1812 the British went to war with us and partially sacked Washington, DC. We fought back at sea, famously, with the *U.S.S. Constitution* whose hull was so thickly sheathed with oak that British cannon balls bounced off of it. The ship came to be nicknamed *Old Ironsides* and it was from this ship that my piece of oak came. I used a few splinters of it to chink joints where pieces of plywood met. It would be like writing the *Maltese Falcon* were I to try to explain how my friend came to own several pieces of that fabled ship. Let me just say this, it's all true.

When the plans arrived I thumbtacked them (two sheets, each about 24"x18") to the wall and began measuring and cutting.

My biggest single expense, four sheets of 1/4" exterior grade plywood, at \$12 a sheet, was delivered by Chinatown Lumber. I'd begged Albert, the salesman there, to send me four nice sheets but he said I'd get whatever was on top of the pile. Here I was not only ignoring the iron-clad rule of most boat builders to use marine plywood (it is solid in-

side with no air pockets, what I used had a few such air pockets), but I was also buying the entire skin of my hull sight unseen. Sometimes you take chances. The skin (which is just what it seemed like to me because of its thinness) worked fine, the bare, unpainted hull weighed only about 100lbs. My guitarist friend, John Lehman-Haupt, came over when I displayed the finished hull as the sole object of art at my one man "Marine Realism" show, and he pointed out that it was like a scaled-up guitar and constructed just like one.

To accommodate my vision of a day's cruise with at least a case of Schaeffer beer, a true drug if ever there was one, safely aboard and tucked out of the way, I had to make definite improvements in the plans. Although the Coast Guard undoubtedly will not agree with this. Instead of sealing the forward and aft compartments with styrofoam for flotation and then nailing the decks down permanently as the plans called for, I left these compartments empty and made the decks into removable hatches.

I repeatedly mentioned to disbelievers that the boat under construction in MY apartment would, "sleep two," adding "if they're sleepy." Its unusual feature is that it utilizes a leeboard, which is simply a board mounted on one side of the hull that sticks down into the water to prevent sideslipping. The Vikings used such boards on their ships and it's known even today in Europe but hasn't been seen much here since Eric the Red days. Most sailboats use a centerboard which requires the difficult construction of a centerboard trunk in the middle of the cockpit. This would, of course, separate a sleeping couple, serving as that once familiar sex-stopping device of the 18th century rural America, the oh-so-frustrating bundling board.

During the 75-day period of construction I spent about \$175 for all the materials, about \$2 a day, chump change in other words. Some of the stuff was resorcinal glue at about \$35, brass and bronze screws at \$25, and a few 2"x4"s, battleship gray paint, varnish, gudgeons and pintles for the rudder, oarlocks, etc. The sail was free and had belonged to my great-grandfather.

I never got used to the strangeness of coming home and finding the thing. Here was this former idea now a full blown wind-powered transportation machine with a clipper bow lurking on the dining room floor. The bowsprit loomed up at my bureau. I never built the below deck tape deck compartment.

The Hudson River at Greenwich Village is really part of the ocean. The time for the launching was dictated by the tide. It was at 7am on a Saturday in June that my friends Peter Canby and Bill Rauch, expert riggers for Project Egress, arrived for the event. For the next five hours the tide would be favorable. I removed the sashes. Out it went. I called it the *Great Eastern*, after what was, at its time of launching in London in 1851, the largest ship ever built. True to the New Yorker's noble habit of not reacting to any excess or eccentricity, live and let live, there was barely a turned head as we carried the now fitted out, 150lb craft a block to the Hudson. My neighbors, Celsa, Tony, and Esther helped us. It was difficult, due to missing timbers and protruding spikes on the pier, to lower the *Great Eastern* the 10' down to water. The pier is not in red hot condition.

I had a sudden reluctance to face alone the currents, swells, chop, tide rips, whirlpools, and cigarette boat wakes of New York

Harbor in the totally untested *Great Eastern* So Peter agreed to come along. We sailed south down the Hudson, north up the East, and then turned east into Hell Gate. This is where Long Island Sound and the East River and the Harlem River converge. The currents and whirlpools are bizarre. Gracie Mansion (the mayor's residence) overlooks it and I felt at that point like shouting (as does Mayor Ed Koch), "How'm I doing?"

The wind was behind us and the tide, with us still, got stronger and stronger. We flew past Riker's Island where the sign said, "Prison, Don't Land." We still had no set destination, I told Peter this was like, in terms of speed and uncertainty, a "Nantucket Sleigh Ride" which was when a harpooned whale would take in tow the whaleboat.

It was beyond Throggs Neck in the open sea conditions of Eastchester Bay that the 20kt wind made waves, a few of which we took onboard. From trough to crest they approached 3'. Peter bailed with a #10 tomato sauce can I had picked up outside of a restaurant in Little Italy. We worked our way against the wind toward the beach of kind strangers. And there, on Belden Point, City Island, the Bronx, they took us in, two guys in a giant guitar from Greenwich Village.



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I read/viewed with interest Don Betts' contributions to the August issue, including the cover, his article, "The 15-Day Program for Building the 25' Whitehall Gig," and the photo of his latest Jolly Boat on the water in the article about this year's John Gardner Workshop at Mystic Seaport. Boat builders and rowers alike will be fascinated to see Don's boat building steps and to perhaps seek definitions for new boat building vocabulary!

The 18.5' Jolly Boat is a Whitehall different in several ways from the fleet of 30-or-so 25' Whitehall gigs built by Don Betts and friends over 15 years with Floating the Apple Inc (FTA) with teams of school groups, non-profits, and adult volunteers here in New York City and up the Hudson. The FTA boat plan was a 1990s version of the 19th century working and racing boats of New York Harbor, specially commissioned by Mike Davis and Floating the Apple for community rowing. It was designed by Mike McEvoy in consultation with John Gardner, and Whitehall rowing events here have been reported on from the start in the pages of *MAIB*.

I must digress here with a question of nomenclature. For years in New York City this 25' Whitehall gig has many names and I'm not sure how to refer to the FTA classic original; McEvoy Whitehall, Mike Davis Whitehall, FTA Whitehall, FTA gig. Perhaps the *MAIB* readership can help. I recall that Bob Hicks early on called them "Times Square Coxed Fours," colorful and descriptive, capturing the idea of the bustling New York City commerce the original Whitehalls were built to serve. There are now about 30 of these closely-matched McEvoy-designed

Tale of Two Whitehalls

By Mary Nell Hawk

25' Whitehall gigs in use, fully equipped and maintained, built largely with Don Betts. They exist as a distinct class of boats, making community rowing, racing, and group messabouts thrilling, memorable experiences for all ages and ability levels.

Don's new Jolly Boat, of his own design, differs not only in length but is narrower in beam, lighter, and uses smaller oars. Although it has plenty of flotation, it lacks the covered fore and after decks with flotation inside and may be less stable on the water. It is also built on the strongback upside down, whereas the McEvoy boats are built on a different kind of strongback rightside up. Don's August 2009 *MAIB* article uses pictures of the smaller boat being built upside down alongside a page with steps on building the larger FTA Whitehall, which may be confusing to readers (as it was to me).

The Jolly Boat is interesting to some New York rowers for its lighter weight, ability to use as a sculling boat (the FTA style of boat mainly uses sweeps), and to hand-launch over a railing instead of with davit and ladder. However, the JB may not be good for non-swimmers, new rowers, or in harbor traffic, stiffer currents, wakes, or wind. The Jolly Boats, in my opinion, are best suited for private ownership or advanced rowers on the calmer waters of the estuary.

The original McEvoy/Mike Davis/FTA Whitehall gigs, though heavier, are designed to combine speed, stability, and maneuverability with a racy, elegant look. Mike Davis (d.2008) referred to them as "noble boats" and I agree. They are ideal, here in the New York-New Jersey harbor estuary, for use with new rowers and for groups such as East River CREW, who share Floating the Apple's ideal of "re-introducing the public, especially youth, onto our region's largest public open space, its rivers and harbor." To my mind these McEvoy Whitehall gigs (Times Square Coxed Fours?) are the most suitable ones for public rowing and youth programs and for public ownership by parks, schools, and non-profit organizations.

Change is inevitable. Don Betts has left Brooklyn and now lives and works on Narragansett Bay with its own set of current flows and conditions. It is good to see him building other boats for different groups, including the Jolly Boat of his own design based on historical drawings, and the cool coracles photographed at Mystic for *MAIB* August 2009. We like the fact that he stays in touch with the community here and that other builders are coming onto the scene, too. My May 2008 *MAIB* article about Don's work lists each of the boats by name, organization, some history, and year of construction.

Let's keep these classic Whitehall gigs on the water!

(Mary Nell is president of East River CREW Inc (Community Recreation & Education on the Water), and rows/coxes Whitehall gigs weekly from May to October. See www.eastrivercrew.org)



Clockwise from top left: Weighing off near Mill Rock.

Rowing through Hell Gate.

Roosevelt Island to port, Upper East Side to starboard

Community Rowing the McEvoy 25' Whitehall with East River CREW.

View of the shipping container/boathouse.



I used to work for Derektor Shipyard in Mamaroneck, New York, during the '90s. Our biggest claim to fame was that we built *Stars and Stripes* that won the America's Cup back from Australia and, of course, that we built some of the most beautiful and expensive yachts in the world.

One morning I saw on the bulletin board an invitation from *WoodenBoat* magazine for professional boat builders to compete in the Sikaflex Challenge, a boat building competition that would take place on the wharf in Newport, Rhode Island, during the Wooden-Boat Show. The competitors would build a boat on the first day, all glued together with Sikaflex, and then race them heads up the next day.

Well, it seems they'd specified building Bolger Terns, which are a sweet little design based loosely on a dory. The bottom is a little wider and the chine logs were on the outside of the boat instead of the inside. I forget why that was, but I do remember Bob Derektor thought it was pretty ridiculous. I told him to get in line because a lot of people thought that Bolger's designs, and indeed Bolger himself, were pretty ridiculous.

Oh! I remember, the external scantlings protected the chine from abrasion but also cleaned up the interior of the boat and made it easier to swab. Years before I'd played around with a Gloucester Gull my brother had built, and I'd read Phil's first book of designs which were pretty conventional and beautiful, and so I always trusted Phil's instincts and usually gave him the benefit of the doubt. Plus, as I recall, he was an L. Francis Herreshoff fan as I have been since I learned about him when I was about 20 years old. I'm 60 now. All in all the Tern seemed like a wholesome little craft that would make a very good utility boat and could be used to help people learn to row and sail, too. I like the single symmetrical leeboard and the overall simplicity.

So I got permission from upstairs at Derektor to enter the competition with a co-worker and, also, to commandeer the needed materials to practice building one boat prior to the big event. We decided to focus on building a sound boat rather than seeing how fast we could nail it together.

So our little practice Tern was built of lauan type ply, but it was marine grade and a little thicker than Bolger called for. We glued everything with epoxy and glassed the exterior. All the scantlings were glued with epoxy and it ended up a very robust vessel indeed, which turned out to be very important later on.

The little Tern found a home down on the floating docks at Derektor and various people used it to row around the harbor until we had a nasty nor'easter blow through and the tide came way up and the Tern was caught under what we called the apron, which was the main outside deck area where service work was done. After the storm passed we were able to extricate the Tern and found that she had suffered serious damage to her starboard gunnel and topside.

The boat languished on the dock waiting for repairs until one day Andy Giacon, a former Derektor employee, called me and asked if we had any derelict skiffs or dinghies that might be of use to the elementary school on City Island, New York, the home of Henry Nevin's yard and Minneford's yard, among others, which are legendary in the annals of yacht, boat, and ship building. It seems that they wanted to use the good half

Wicked Fun at the Sikaflex Challenge

With Phil Bolger and
Dynamite Payson Looking On

By Brad Ansley

of a boat to make a combination planter and sign to place on the front of the public school. So, of course, we made the gift and, as far as I know, it still resides, bolted to the wall near the front entrance of PS 175 City Island, Bronx, New York, welcoming the next generation to school.

So I and another guy (and I'm mortified I can't remember his name) from Derektor took up the mantle of the shipyard and went to Newport, Rhode Island, to compete in the Sikaflex Challenge.

I must confess that I did build a really nice pair of sawhorses out of 2"x6" redwood for this event and I still use them after all these years. They have some carpenter bee holes in them, which surprised me a lot one day when I was using them. I kept hearing this buzzing and feeling a vibration. Finally I looked under the beam of one of the sawhorses, which is a 2"x6" on the flat. I just caught a glimpse of a fuzzy bear of a bee disappearing into a perfectly round 1/8" hole in one of my redwood sawhorses. Since then I found out that there is some critter in the Smoky Mountains that will eat the heck out of western red cedar. But anyway, we did get some great compliments at Newport on our sawhorses. They are sturdy and lightweight.

The competition was set up so that only two boats were being built at any given time. That gave the judges, who were Phil Bolger himself and Dynamite Payson himself, a chance to watch each group build more closely. As I recall we were under a big tent on the wharf and there was a pretty good-sized group of spectators. We may have been the first to compete because I can't remember "going to school" by observing anyone else's techniques. In any case, we were pitted against a couple of splendid chaps from Green Marine which is located in Maine.

We were helped immensely by an eight-year-old boy who informed us that we were putting the mid-mold, or former, into the boat upside down. That got a good laugh from the crowd, much to our chagrin, but I was glad to have it pointed out before we began driving nails. I think the error was more evident from a distance and at this point we were extremely focused. I feel confident that we were just about to discover the inversion on our own. However, I've always wondered what sort of tortured plywood/Jules Verne vessel would have resulted had we not set things aright. Maybe I'll make a cardboard model and see what it looks like.

I remember that we also had to build a set of oars as part of the first day of building. I made a bad judgment and our oars were about 1' too long. Not too far off, but enough to make propelling or turning the boat much more difficult.

So in a couple of hours we built a decent boat, not minding the main adhesive being a rubbery caulk. It did keep out the water. As I recall we finished second or third in quality and maybe third in speed. I believe the Green Marine guys beat us by about five

minutes in the speed category. We might have beaten them in quality. The guys from one of those boat building schools in Maine, maybe Rockport or Kennebunkport or somewhere like that, won the speed and the quality categories. They obviously really thought out the process. I remember that they started all the nails in the exterior chine logs and gunwales before even trying to bend them around the boat. Jeeze, I couldda hadda V8!

While we were hanging around after the finishing bell, Phil Bolger and Dynamite Payson came over and inspected our handywork. It was quite an honor and a thrill to have these two titans of small boat building come over and critique our work, always offering encouragement and generally making us feel very glad we decided to compete. As one of the Green Marine guys said, "It was wicked fun!" Just think of how Phil must have felt to see his litter of little rowboats being birthed right before his eyes!

That night with the boats safely stored away, we tried not to let Newport's famous nightlife keep us up too late or fall too deeply into our cups. We failed on both counts, but we sure had fun!

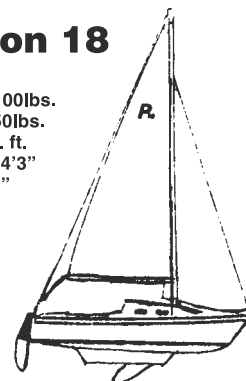
The next morning it was time to kick the little Terns out of the nest. We raced two boats at a time. Leaving the wharf we were to traverse the busy channel that ran between the wharf and the mooring field. About 50 yards out we were to cross an imaginary line that ran between a channel marker and the stern of a moored sailboat. Each builder had to ply the waters. My partner had never rowed a boat in his life and after a pretty good first leg, he wa-a-a-y overstood the line and then had a heck of a time getting the little Tern to turn. By the time he re-crossed the imaginary line his competitor was already back at the wharf. Even though I rowed the final lap with determination and a demon's intent, we could do better than fourth or fifth, which insured our finishing out of the money. It was, however, wicked fun.

As we packed up to head home I mentioned to the Green Marine guys that I was puzzled about Dynamite Payson, a man I'd wanted to meet for years. I had imagined a real character, someone bigger than life, like Robb White. But here was this serious, quiet, and extremely pleasant gentleman. How could he have acquired a moniker like "Dynamite?" The Green Marine guy just said, "For Maine, he is Dynamite!"

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

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18° - 21° - 23°



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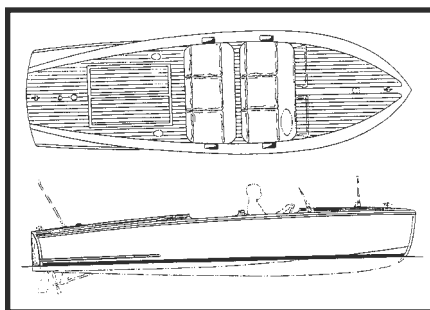


**Top
Ten
Designs**

#3 Barrelback 19

A 19' or 20' Classic
Double Cockpit
Inboard Barrelback Runabout

By Ken Hankinson
Build In Cold-Mold Wood/Ply
From Plans and Patterns



Characteristics

Length overall	19' 1"
Length options	20' 1"
Beam	6'-1"
Draft w/prop	17"
Freeboard fwd	2'3"
Freeboard aft	1'6"
Passengers	6
Motor type	4; V6; V8*
Motor (cu.in.)	150-290
Fuel capacity	30gals
Hull weight (approx.)	875lbs
Cockpit size length x width:	
Forward:	2'9"x5'2"
Aft:	2'5"x5'2"
*20' 1" length recommended if using V8	
265 cu-in max for 19' 1" length	

Description

Nothing causes aficionados of classic mahogany runabouts to salivate more than the sight of the famed barrel-stern examples built by Chris Craft long ago. For those unfamiliar with the type, the stern is a semi-circular or elliptical like half a barrel, with a lovely seamless blending of the tumble-home topsides into the deck, side to side.

Of all the half-dozen or so sizes built by Chris Craft, the 19' Custom Runabout model produced between 1939 and 1942 seems to generate the most interest today. Yet with purportedly less than 400 ever produced, any remaining boats given care and restoration trade hands for tens-of-thousands of dollars, if at all.

But now you can build your own near replica with our carefully detailed Barrelback 19 design for a fraction of the cost and actually end up with a better boat. Beyond its authentic styling is a modern wood/epoxy hull that's honestly easier to build. Unlike old boats that suffer from leaking seams and

flexing hulls, ours come out stiff, tight, and strong, yet lightweight.

Our system of double diagonal ply/veneer planking requires no rabbets to cut, no steam bending, no caulked seams, and no lofting, yet looks like the genuine article and is much easier to maintain.

Engine recommendations listed apply to the 19' option. But if you want to use a small block V8 up to 290 cubic inches, we recommend building the boat at the 20' option included in the plans.

Plans with instructions aimed at the amateur craftsman include all the details along with material listing, fastening schedule, and resource list to help you track down what you need. Also provided are full-size patterns for the sawn frame and backbone members so lofting is not required! Plans without patterns are available for review purposes but you will need patterns later to build (no offsets are necessary nor provided).

Are you the type who can build your own classic mahogany runabout? Even though we can't predict who can and cannot build a boat, our answer for these boats is simple and based on many years of feedback. If you are the type of person who would tackle building a fine piece of furniture, who can handle ordinary woodworking tools and equipment, and who has the ability to stick to a project from beginning through completion, then you should have no problem even if you have never built a boat before. Keep in mind the majority of the builders of the boats shown on our website were first-timers who had never built boats before.

Bronze Fastening Kit

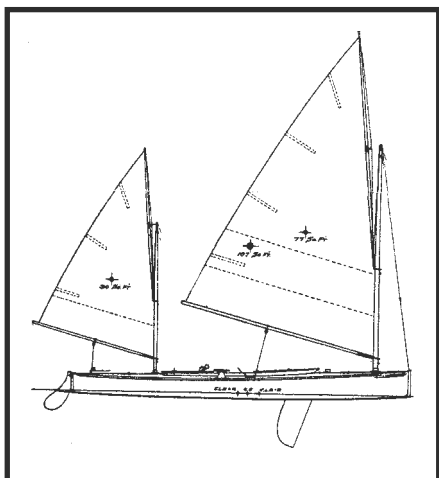
Start your project with this kit and increase your boat's value. Includes all nails and screws listed in your plan's Bill of Materials for the hull. Top quality genuine silicon bronze will never rust or corrode even in salt water as can happen with stainless fastenings which cost as much or more. Screws are easy drive cross head type Nails are ring shank type.

Fiberglass Covering Kit

Top quality marine grade fiberglass cloth in specified weights, widths, and lengths for covering the hull exterior (bottom, sides, and transom). Finest marine type epoxy resin and hardener plus all application tools, cutting list, and application instructions. Highly advised for better appearance, added durability, abrasion resistance, and reduced maintenance.



Designs from THE RIGGER 1903 17' Sailing Canoe



The plans printed herewith of a sailing canoe were prepared by Hilding Froling of Arlington, New Jersey, for his brother Yngve Froling of the Gothenburg Canoe Club, Gothenburg, Sweden.

Swedish canoeists in general, and especially the members of the Gothenburg Canoe Club, entertain a high regard for American canoeing, and in ordering the canoe to be designed and built in this country, Mr Froling wished to add to the fleet of his club a canoe that embraced the best American practice, both in design and construction of hull as well as in rig and fittings.

In placing the order Mr Froling gave the designer entirely free hands, expressing the

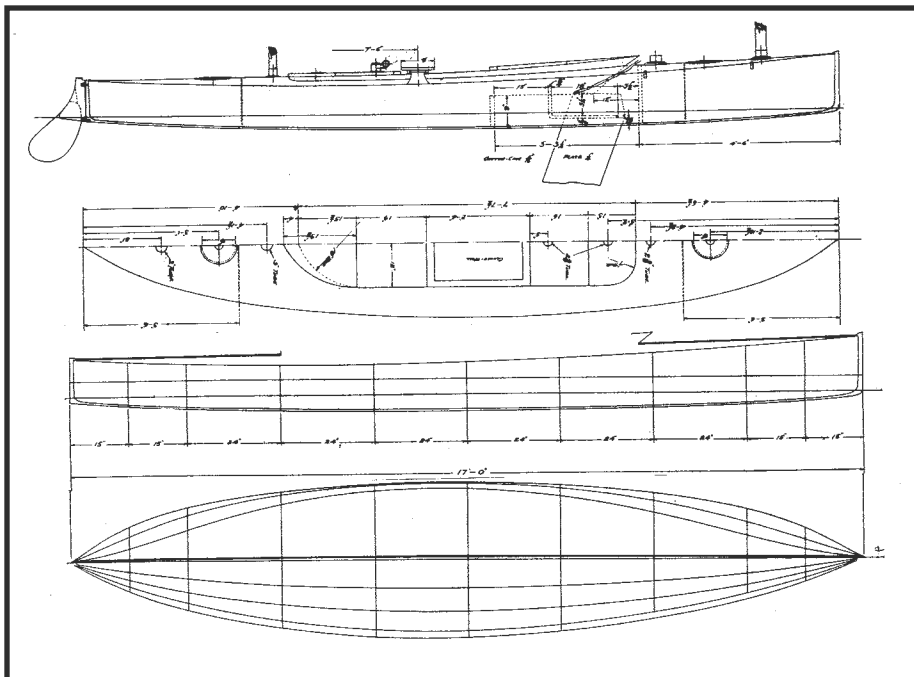
hope, however, that the canoe be built suitable for cruising and not a racing machine, that it carry two persons and, if possible, fit a Swedish class.

As Class III-B is the most popular one in Sweden and is growing more so with every year, as the Swedish International Challenge Cup is annually competed for by canoes in this class, it was decided by the designer to have the canoe comply with its limitations, which are: maximum length, 5.20m (17'); maximum breadth, 1.1m (43"); and maximum sail area, 10sm (107sf).

The plans, accordingly, show a canoe 17' in length with a sail area of 107sf. In order that the canoe may also come within the limitations of the new rules of the American Canoe Association, which specify that the breadth of a canoe must not exceed one-fifth of its length, the canoe was given a breadth of 40". As the American rules permit a larger sail area, provision is made whereby a larger mizzen sail may be carried so as to increase the sail to 117sf which is the maximum permitted under the new American rules on a canoe of this size.

While the plans were in preparation the designer communicated with W.F. Stevens regarding the building, as Mr Froling wanted Mr Stevens to build the boat if he could be induced to do it. To this Mr Stevens fortunately agreed.

To those acquainted with canoeing this ingenious builder needs no introduction. He has, for the past 30 years, built the best known sailing canoes in the American Canoe Association, among which are the well-known *Wasp* and *Bug*, two among many designed and owned by Paul Butler, the first one being sailed by Mr Butler when he successfully defended the International Canoe Trophy against Charles Archibald of Montreal, Canada. Other famous canoes built by Mr Stevens are the *Damosel*, designed by Gardner, and *Banshee*, designed by Crowninshield, both owned by Hermann D. Murphy of Union Boat Club, Boston, a canoeist of international fame. A most remarkable canoe and twice a successful defender of the International Trophy is the *Mermaid*, modeled by Mr Stevens himself, as well built by him.



The design shown herewith represents a type of canoe well adapted to open waters such as Long Island Sound. As it is safe, seaworthy, and speedy, it is especially suitable for a one-design racing class and such has many advantages over the traditional small or design sail yacht.

As the plans are accompanied by full-size drawings of the moulds and stems, as well as complete detail drawings of all metal fittings, they are particularly suited for amateur building.

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This summer I have been rowing nearly daily and continuing my work on oarlock design. My boat is a 15'4" glued lapstrake Whitehall type designed by Phil Bolger as his Spur II design. Mine is unnamed so far, but since the boat was completed on July 4, *Yankee Doodle* came to mind. I have also considered *Y No Mas (And No More)* since my fleet needs reduction and I need a reminder not to make another boat until I sell one.

I built the boat to satisfy an urge to row open water safely on Puget Sound. I live on an island with bridge access. In front of my house looking west there are three wooded islands, and every time I look out the window I think of rowing around them. This is easily done in good weather, but there are tide rips, a narrow channel which frequently has more than a 3kt current, heavy power boat traffic, and there is a fetch of nearly 30 miles for the prevailing wind, so there are some potential hazards. In one direction the closest land mass is Japan.

The Bolger design has proved up to the task. It is, as Bolger said, dry in rough water. It also has good directional stability, carries way in a chop well, and has a good turn of speed. The boat feels secure when the going gets rough.

On a typical day of rowing for me I launched at Coronet Bay at the State Park ramp at about 2pm. I rowed east with the last of the flood current, made a 1½-mile open water crossing to Skagit Island, went through the pass between Skagit Island and Kiket Island, and a mile east into Similk Bay. It was easy going since I hit slack current about halfway. Coming home the current shifted to ebb which gave a lift, but the wind piped up to 15kts from the wrong direction.

It was three miles rowing into the wind with short, steep waves caused by the opposing wind and current, made even worse by many power boat wakes as they had come through Deception Pass on the slack current to avoid its 6.8kt current that day. This was an eight-mile outing and I re-learned that late afternoon brings a strong sea breeze through constrictions like Deception Pass.

In the April 2009 issue I contributed an article on oarlock design showing a glue-in socket and a single pin lock with a ½" stainless steel shaft, a brass bushing, and a loop of stainless steel wire to retain the oar. The advantage of the single pin oarlock is that the oar has no tendency to walk inboard in use. The locks with the wire loop have worked very well and they were easily made. But I don't like oarlocks which are permanently fastened to the oars. They are hard on varnish as they slide up and down on the oar shaft and I must remove the oarlock from the socket if I wish to ship the oars at dockside.

So I worked to design a pair which can remain in the sockets when the oar is shipped and are not permanently attached to the oars. These have worked well so I thought I'd re-

More On Oarlocks and Open Water Rowing

By Tom Fulk



The strap and bushing assembly can be lifted on the pin to release the oar from the oarlock. These oarlocks give needed lift to the oars for rough water rowing.

port on them here. The oarlocks are shown in the drawing. Note that there is a bushing which provides a 1" lift. The Spur II design has fairly low freeboard, good because in strong wind the boat is not much affected. But because the oarlock sockets are mounted low on the gunwales there is a problem in clearing wave tops in rough water with 8' oars. So the oarlocks depicted in the drawing, have a bushing which gives a 1" lift. This has proved to give plenty of wave top clearance at the blade end.

The oars can be removed from the locks by sliding the retaining strap and the attached bushing up on the pin. It cannot slide off the pin because there is a rivet at the top. This enlarges the opening at the top so the oar can be removed. However, with the strap and bushing assembly down the oar is captive and can be safely trailed in the water out of hand if the oars have buttons, as mine do. There is also a hole at the top of the strap for a seine cord lanyard to prevent loss overboard. These have proven to be excellent oarlocks for the boat and I highly recommend them to anyone interested in this kind of rowing. They are far superior to the usual type of purchased oarlocks and sockets.

I practice some safety precautions when rowing in open water. When I made the boat I installed two good-sized flotation chambers, one in the bow and one in the stern. Water temperature here in summer months averages about 52° and it is close to 40° in winter. Even on a hot summer day with 90° air temperature, hypothermia is a survival issue for a swimmer. Normal life expectancy is about 30 minutes.

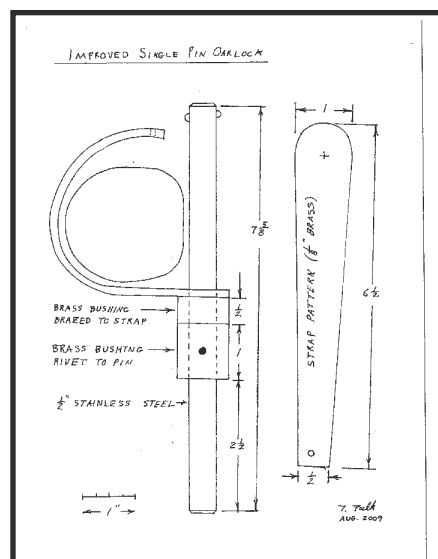
In mid July a boater died of hypothermia here within sight of my house after being only 15 minutes in the water. With full, level flotation in the boat there is at least a chance that the boat will float upright and the occupant can sit inside with the boat awash and bail. The trade-off is weight. The flotation chambers added an additional 12-15lbs to the boat, which ended up unpainted at 149lbs. I estimate the weight of the completed boat is 160lbs, which is a bit on the heavy side for a single person in long distance rowing. The weight, however, is an advantage in rough water since the boat goes well into waves.

I never row without having a second pair of oars and two extra pairs of oarlocks onboard, tied to the boat. I also carry water, a chart of the area, an energy snack, and a rowing compass. Here the eighth month of the year is called "Foggest" so I might need to row a good distance out of sight of my objective. It also is a good idea to carry emergency locator devices such as smoke flares. Float plans are a routine part of my rowing logistics. My wife always knows where I am going and when to expect me home. Sometimes she can see my smile with binoculars from home.



The boat is equipped with two flotation chambers, one in each end.

The shape of this boat is a tribute to Phil Bolger's design skill.



Dave likes the clinker plywood construction because, among other advantages, it lends itself to repeat orders with patterns for all the strakes. Even one-off, a nice shape can

15'4" x 4'6"

be turned out quickly if the carpenter has a good eye for lining off the laps.

Dave made a pair of the oarlocks shown in half an hour from a 1/2" stainless pin and a strip of brass. They're better to row with than

The name *Spur* is that of a very fancy rowing boat I had built in 1963 which made the cover of a 200,000-circulation magazine and was generally admired. She wasn't a success for me because she was much too heavy and because I always felt guilty when I was rowing her instead of polishing the varnish. The new boat should be much better on both counts. She should be finished by the time this is printed. I'm hoping she'll break the hex on my even hundreds designs which have tended to be disappointing, perhaps because I tried too hard to make them significant.





There's a lot to admire in traditional methods of boat locomotion. The wooden paddle is as versatile now as before the industrial revolution. The paddler's ability to blend power and steering forces with slight adjustments to the grip is a sweet pleasure indeed. The double paddle with its efficient balanced power can tame the wild squirming of a short kayak or canoe. Oars pivoting on the gunnels have moved the doryman and his catch over miles of open ocean. They have brought the pilots to the side of inbound ships when the first pilot to reach a ship was the man hired for the job. Few activities are more pleasingly tactile than rowing a lightly loaded guideboat with the magical powers of flexible cherry wood oars.

The introduction of truly waterproof glues and resins/fiber composites brought incremental advances in all of the rowing and paddling devices, more power, less effort, and even better ergonomics resulted from these advancements. Just try to get your graphite bent shaft paddle back from the paddler who was using a straight solid wood paddle. Ditto for the elegant simplicity of new double paddles, which feel like an organic extension of your body.

The addition of a sliding seat to the oars on gunnels rowing arrangement brought remarkable gains in the power available from the human body. The addition of a sliding seat for rowing, while vastly improving the power/speed potential, left three serious shortcomings to the rowing boat which were never present in simpler paddling methods.

The greatest pain in the neck came from facing the wrong direction. This was a carry-over from conventional rowing methods and, while this was a minor issue for the doryman, it was/is, in fact, a great detriment to those rowing in more confined places than the wide open sea. Collisions, sinkings, disorientation, and lost hunting opportunities were common.

In the late 1800s several innovations were introduced to place the rower in a forward facing position. Some of these methods incorporated the sliding seat, while most stayed with the simple arms and back only method of fixed seat rowing. The lack of acceptance of these methods was most likely due to the failure of these new fangled devices to address the other faults of sliding seat, or fixed seat, rowing.

For any rowing, feathering of the oars is a sublime pleasure and a practiced art. Many of the linkage and lever systems used to reverse the position of the rower to be forward facing could not also allow feathering of the oars.

Evolution in Rowboat Design Brings Us to

See-Rower

By Billy O'Brien

For the sliding seat systems, the oscillating center of balance fore/aft, which resulted from the rower's mass shifting dramatically with every stroke, causes a porpoise-like motion especially unacceptable in shorter boats.

The tremendous power available from our legs, backs, torso, arms, and shoulders all in unison can injure and permanently damage our connective tissue and skeletal elements, fractured vertebrae, damaged discs, tendon and ligament stress, chronic shoulder, wrist, and lower back pain are often the result of sliding seat rowing. This damage is the result of the total power transfer from all of these muscle groups through the back/shoulders/arms to the oars, all while seated, a position inherently poor for large muscular efforts.

Late 20th century innovations started to address the three negatives of sliding seat rowing. With some systems you can face forward and see your world opening up as you row into it. With others, the power of leg muscles is transferred mechanically to the boat/oars, greatly reducing the chance of injury and alleviating the restrictions to our activities from past injuries. Some systems even provide for oar feathering while others fix the seated position and have the feet only oscillating fore and aft to reduce the porpoise-like balance problem.

In the 21st century we find the synergy of stronger, yet lighter, materials combining with more efficient designs, ergonomic engineering to eliminate repetitive stress motions, and bringing the best ideas from the past into a cohesive design, the See-Rower, which eliminates all three of the detriments of traditional rowing. With the See-Rower, in a single stroke of the oars a light boat can be accelerated to hull speed. The fixed seat and rolling feet preserve optimum boat balance while mechanically transferring leg power directly to the oars. Feathering of the oars is now a smooth and efficient sweep, bringing back memories of a hand extended out of the car window playing with the invisible power of moving air. All this happens while facing forward, with the breeze in your face, your hair blown back, and a natural forward view.

Sliding seat rowing has long been recognized as the ultimate exercise, burning twice the calories per hour as swimming, running, or bicycling. Now with the See-Rower system instantly installed in your boat you will benefit from the whole body exercise of rowing, while away from vehicle traffic and pollution, enjoying the low impact flow of boat through water which has thrilled and satisfied for thousands of years.

See-Rower is a drop-in rowing insert for a canoe or rowboat. Designed and patented by Arthur Kuckes, a lifelong rower and Physics/Engineering professor, it is Art's dream to combine his skills and experiences by improving existing designs, using cutting edge materials and manufacturing methods to create a refined and efficient rowing machine which would allow him to continue rowing into his 80s.

The key to an optimized machine or tool design is in applying the best materials for each function of the individual parts. Taking a fresh look at the devices from the past led to dramatic weight reduction and improvements in efficiency. Much like the present bicycle technology, the form and function seems familiar to bikes from 40 years ago, yet subtle changes to design and materials have brought us a much more satisfying ride. The See-Rower, built from aircraft aluminum polymer bearings, Amsteel cables, ABS plastic, and 304 stainless steel, also adds an innovative leg power to oar mechanism which enables the ergonomic benefits and much lighter loading of our bodies.

Regardless of our individual motivations, exercise, recreation, fishing, nature study, environmental observation, or photography, the See-Rower excels at making our time on the water a safe and pleasurable time. And did I mention endorphins?

While I love to paddle my double kayak or run whitewater in a good canoe, nothing mellows me out better than a brisk row in my See-Rower.



A couple of winters ago I went to the Baja for a kayak-mountain bike trip. One of my Mexican guides mentioned to me that he and the other guide had been watching my stroke. Their boss had told them to keep a good eye on me. She was worried about my age, I was about 20 years older than the rest of the group. They had been watching and noted that I was usually leading the pack and that my paddle was never in the water.

All of the boats were built by Seda. The guides and I had solo boats and the others, all couples, were in tandems. They should have been able to blow by me easily in their longer boats with double the people power. They were all experienced outdoors folks so what was going on?

I explained that my paddle did, in fact, touch the water but not for long. I was in my short stroke mode. I paddle a kayak much the same way that I canoe or row. Be it a paddle or a set of oars, I feel that the only time that I am moving the boat ahead efficiently is during the middle of the stroke.

I was taught wrong by my dad. He had me row a lot for him when I was a kid, we went fishing together quite often. He had me bending at the waist in order to get a longer stroke. I would lean way forward before putting the oars into the water then I would follow through and end up leaning back before lifting the oars out. It was years later that I learned that this was wrong.

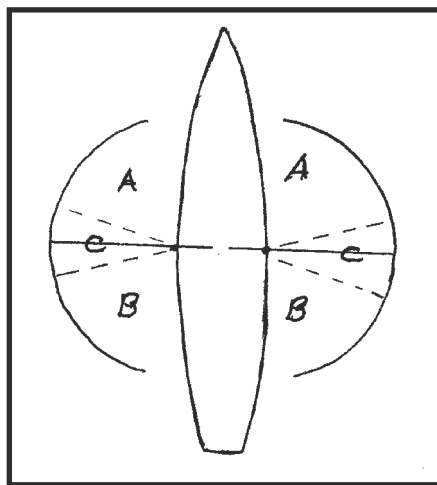
I don't care if it's a rowboat, a canoe, or a kayak, the only part of the stroke that is moving the boat efficiently is that center part of the stroke. I have included a drawing that show the wasted parts of a long stroke. The drawing is a top view of an oar on gunnels rowboat. The half circles drawn show the potential sweep of the oars. This same drawing easily demonstrates the errors that I see made in kayaks and canoes.

There is a lot of wasted motion at the beginning of the rowing stroke. This is the section I have labeled "A." This waste energy basically tries to push the bow off course away from the oar. Because the oars are usually working as a pair on opposite sides this wasted effort goes unnoticed but it is still there. "C" is that area where the push of the oars actually moves the boat forward. "B" is where the oar is actually trying to pull the stern toward the oar.

These forces are good for turning the boat off course, used on only one side they will turn the boat away from the active oar. Leave the opposite oar in the water and most boats will pivot around the inboard oar. Using a back stroke on the inboard side will cause the boat to come about quicker. Anyone who

The Short Stroke

By Mississippi Bob



has ever rowed probably already knows that.

In a kayak this same effort does push the bow back and forth as the paddle is only working one side at a time. In sea kayaks long enough to have a lot of boat in the water, this turning force is not noticed but it is still there.

The long sweeping stroke that some paddlers insist on using in a canoe has a different effect. The paddle should be held nearly vertical. There is a lot of wasted power, using that long sweeping stroke, lifting the boat at the beginning of the stroke and pulling it back down at the end.

I have seen over and over a canoe instructor standing knee deep in a lake surrounded by students showing them how to make these long sweeping strokes. He is also showing them how to pull the paddle through the water. Think about this, the canoe should go through the water not the paddle. Properly done the paddle enters the water and gets planted there so the canoe is pulled up to it, then it's on to the next stroke.

The instructor at one of our local kayak schools had his class sitting in the sand making sand angels with their paddles. It is no wonder that so many folks get it wrong.

Rowing is not as popular as either canoeing or kayaking here in the Midwest so there are not a lot of folks here giving classes. The racing shell clubs do use a long stroke to make use of their leg muscles. Their boats with sliding seats and long outriggers are de-

signed to make use of the leg muscles. Legs have bigger muscles than arms so it stands to reason that one wants to use these muscles in a race. This does not mean that this stroke is really efficient. These young athletes have power to spare, the races are relatively short, and this style does win races.

Looking at the heavier working boats like dories or the Norwegian boats used in the fjords, I have seen over and over in documentaries where such a boat is being rowed using a very short stroke. It works. These commercial fishermen have learned what really works well. It is not uncommon for these work boats to be rowed from a standing position facing forward using a very short stroke.

I have also noticed that some Irish fisherman with their canvas-covered currachs use oars that look pretty crude, like 2x4s without much shaping. These folks have been going to sea for generations. I think that if a fancy shaped oar made life easier they would have taken the time to whittle out better ones generations ago.

I do most of my canoeing with a bent shaft paddle. A 14° bend seems to work very well. This requires the use of a different stroke to get the most from this type of paddle. I feel that the best way to teach a person to paddle is to put splints on both arms so they can't bend at the elbows. A canoeist's arms are just connecting rods between the hands that hold the paddle and the large back muscles. Just as the rowing shell oarsman uses leg muscles, a canoeist should get the power from the large muscles on either side of the spine. If the paddler cannot bend the elbows he/she will develop the proper stroke much sooner.

The proper stroke for paddling a canoe using a bent shaft is a strong downward thrust with a minimum follow through. This downward push plants the paddle firmly in the water and pulls the boat up to the paddle before it has a chance to slip and begin to move through the water. The recovery at the end of this short stroke is simply a twist of the wrist and the forward motion through the water will actually lift the paddle from the water. This style of paddling does require a fast pace but the resulting force put into moving the boat is well worth the change in style.

Here in Minnesota many paddlers are using these bent shaft paddles. Unfortunately many of them are wasting the potential that a really good paddle has to offer because they are still paddling the way they were taught while standing in the lake stirring the water at their scout camp. Try shortening your stroke next time you are on the water with your muscle-powered boat. You will probably find that you move through the water much better.



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We sat on a log at the east end of George Lake and watched the sun disappear behind the mountains. It had been a long day, a 550-mile drive in late July heat. The three-mile paddle down the lake had been welcome, but we were tired. Camp was set up and dinner over, time to relax, but now it was the mosquito hour. A late evening dip in the lake would be a great way to end the day. But first, and most important, find the right tree for the food pack and get it up. This was bear country. It was tempting to leave it be while we swam, but it was getting dark, and anyway, we do not leave our food unattended even for a short time. The swim was cool and refreshing and we were not bothered by bears or any other scavenging critters that night.

Camping brings many pleasures, otherwise we and so many others would not do it. There is nothing like waking up to the freshness of a cool morning on a lakeshore or sitting by a quiet campfire in the evening. Time is measured differently, if we allow it. To me there is a greater sense of well-being than is possible in a seemingly secure motel room.

There are also many hazards, or potential problems. Among them are bugs, rain, cold, the outhouse (if there is one), no showers, and critters, most notably bears. It seems that most campgrounds are the type with one-lane roads, little pull-offs for vehicles, and picnic tables. With motor homes, trailers, and the occasional tent chock-a-block, bears might not be a problem, but it is no place for people either. Anyplace worth camping in will have bears, well away from people, noise, and motors of any kind. If one decides to camp at a remote site, in my mind it is best if it is only accessible by canoe. The pleasure is unequalled, but we can add wind to the list of hazards and all the other cautions become more intense because there is no quick access to security. But I am getting ahead of myself.

What about bears? Drive-in campgrounds in bear country tend to be easy pickings for bears for the campers are lulled into a false sense of security and do not always place food in their vehicles at night. Often there is more barbecuing and such like where one does not have to carry food far and the clean-up is difficult and often just not done. Bears have a keen sense of smell and they follow their nose. On our first trip to Killarney Park in Ontario we spent two nights in the campground, hoping to get a better feel of the place before heading to the interior. In the early morning there was a bit of a commotion down the way. Soon a ranger in a truck with a bear cage trailer came through. Someone was not careful.

Then again, it is not always the campers. At Limekiln Lake in the Adirondacks the trash dumpster had been placed right next to the restroom. This way the attendants could conveniently empty it. So could the bears. In the middle of the night (guess how we knew) a group of bears effectively prevented anyone from getting to the building.

Although it would seem to be contradictory, it is generally true that one will see fewer bears when camping by canoe. The exception is camping at a site that has not been left clean and the only solution is to clean it up or move. But assuming the campsite starts out clean, there are a few simple rules for avoiding bears, which incidentally is something we do want to do. Keep all smellables in a bag up in the trees when not using them. Never bring food into the tent. Don't wipe hands on cloth-

Canoe Camping in Bear Country

By Hugh Groth

ing. Don't throw garbage in the fire, it should go in the trees as well. Bury the dishwasher. In short, keep anything that smells good to a bear out of reach and away from camp. It is best if the camp is set up as a large triangle with the tent, cooking area, and bear rope tree at the points.

Although no bear has ever given us a problem, we have seen a bear, fortunately only once. We stayed only one night at the mosquito-busy campsite on George Lake. We had pushed ourselves to get there so we would have a bit less canoe travel the next day for we had a long way to go into unknown territory. With the canoe loaded early and a quick paddle to the nearby short portage to Free-land Lake, we were on our way. This lake is a bit weedy and the best course through the lily pads was close to shore.

As we paddled along soon after leaving the portage Mary Anne remarked, "There's a bear on shore, going our way, but he'll probably find good pickings before he gets to where we're going." Indeed, we saw no more of him. Later we learned that the next residents of our previous site had lost their food because they did not tie up their pack after a lunch break. A bear, maybe the same one who had doubled back, knew a good thing when he smelled it and had an easy meal.

We have camped a lot, usually in remote places, almost always in bear country, and we have never seen a bear in our camp. Still, despite our precautions we have had some encounters with what we thought was a bear on two occasions. Once, at a canoe-in site on Indian Lake in the Adirondacks, Mary Anne woke me up in the middle of the night so I could listen to what sounded like heavy footsteps and strange noises. I sat up, grabbed my hatchet and camp knife, and began banging them together and talking loudly. At that whatever it was took off noisily through the woods. We were convinced it was a bear but will never really know. Mary Anne drifted back to sleep again, the threat over. Not me. I was awake for hours.

More recently, at a canoe-in site at Forked Lake, also in the Adirondacks, she again woke me up late at night so I could hear what she had been listening to. This time there was a lot of noise and it was getting louder. To complicate matters it seemed to be between our tent and the outhouse. The people on the next campsite had apparently sat around their campfire late into the evening and I was convinced they were still up, scouring the bushes for firewood. Although it is not generally a good idea to confront a bear, even a hypothetical one, I got up and out of the tent to tend to the matter. Maybe it was a bear.

I thought it wise to make some noise so I began to whistle. "Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed..." Mary Anne recognized the tune and started to laugh but I was worried. It was clear the neighbors had gone to bed and the noise was still there, coming from the bushes near our tent. I tentatively shone the flashlight in that direction, ready to shout or do something, I don't know what, at any moment. Then I

saw a herd of deer out for a late night snack on the low foliage, working their way down the slope.

Most, but not all, of our experience in bear country has been in the eastern United States and Canada, and there it will be black bears. Grizzlies are big and to be feared but all too often black bears are portrayed as cute and suitable for photographing. Black bears are bigger, stronger, and faster than we are and they do not understand that we might think them cute.

Of course, other critters can be attracted to food, not just bears. At one remote campsite we hung the food pack on a low stub of a branch while we ate lunch. When Mary Anne went to repack things she opened the pack and found an indignant chipmunk staring at her. He did not want his lunch interrupted and scolded her soundly.

On another occasion (which I related in a previous story, "The Raccoon Episode," *MAIB*, April 2008) I spent a night battling a raccoon that was after our food pack. I had strung it up into the trees, but not high enough, and so when I tightened the rope to raise it up out of bear reach the raccoon was able to walk across to the pack. What I had done was string a rope between two trees with the food pack suspended in the middle. Although this can work well if it is high enough, I don't recommend planning on this method of securing the food pack. Finding two trees just the right distance apart, strong enough, far enough from the tent, and with limbs at the right height is not often possible. One tree at the right location with a strong limb well up the tree is hard enough to find, but that is what we used from then on.

At first I would just throw a rope over the limb and haul the pack up at night, but a limb does not make a good pulley. The heavier the pack, the more the rope sticks and saws on the limb as I raised the pack and at the very least this damages the tree. Eventually, if that limb is used long enough, it will wear through the rope. It did not take long before I devised a better way. I use $\frac{3}{16}$ " (even $\frac{1}{8}$ " will do) woven nylon rope which is small and lightweight but certainly strong enough to lift anything to be carried across a portage. I use two ropes 40' to 50' long and tie a small pulley to one end of one of them. I fasten a snap such as might be found on a dog leash (or a loop and a carabiner will do) to one end of the other.

Once I have found my tree I tie a rock to the rope with the pulley and toss it over a strong limb 15' or more from the ground. I then thread the other rope through the pulley and snap on the food pack. Then I hoist the pulley up to the limb and tie the other end of that rope to the tree. Now I can raise and lower the food pack with no damage to the limb or rope and the raising force is much lower. I tie off the food pack rope as well once the pack is up. There it stays, all night and during the day also unless it is mealtime.

I don't really know much about bears, but I know it can be dangerous to be careless and make assumptions. I have heard a lot of advice about how to react if I encounter a bear, but I am not sure what I would actually do if it happened. Far better to not be in the situation, so if I am in bear country I try to stay alert and make sure I let any potential bear know where I am and I don't tempt him with easy food. That is all I know to do for certain. So far it has been quite successful.

The engine in our Sisu 26 has been running with fuel carried in a temporary 5gal fuel tank that I modified for the job. Hence, the next project was procuring a 10-15gal saddle tank that could be mounted securely in a corner of the cockpit. It seems that no one makes a nice, small Diesel fuel tank of the shape needed. But a custom tank can be built if the measurements are supplied.

I carefully measured an available space in the cockpit and calculated out the number of gallons the tank should be able to carry. While there are conversion calculators on the web, I went with the straight math (my geometry teacher would be proud of me?). Since one cubic inch equals 0.00432900433 of a gallon, I was able to determine the approximate capacity of the tank I was envisioning. I was referred to a manufacturer of custom tanks by a friend who had already gone this route and sent them my measurements. I received a response (with a price).

Before I sent in my order (and payment) my wife, wisely as it turned out, suggested that I create a mock-up of the tank to see if it actually would fit into the proposed space. Needless to say, the cardboard "tank" did not fit quite as I wanted. I did some more measurements, rebuilt the mock-up, and tried again. After a couple of tries at cutting the cardboard and refitting the results I had new dimensions for the tank.

I sent in the order and payment and waited for the tank to come. One Friday the UPS delivery person showed up at the door with the tank. I paid for the shipping and now I had a nice, aluminum 16.5gal Diesel fuel tank. I took it off to the boat to see if it would actu-

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

ally fit in the space envisioned. It fit! The next step was to install the tank. After some more measuring I went off to the local rubber supply store for some sheets of neoprene to pad the tank. I also needed some fuel filler hose to connect from the filler point on the hull to the new tank location. My major problem was the 90° turn from the deck filler to the tank. No one seems to make 90° bends out of 1.5" OD pipe suitable for Diesel fuel these days. I received a resounding "don't use PVC for Diesel" from everyone I asked about options.

While still looking for the fitting I needed, I created one out of galvanized water pipe. I used thread dope designed for chemicals with the idea that the Diesel fuel would not eat its way along the threads very quickly. Unfortunately Plan A did not work, even though I would only need to fill the tank now and then. Thus, I started a serious search for a 90° elbow made of a material that would not be degraded by Diesel fuel. An acquaintance came through with a 1½" copper elbow and I was able to find some short sections of 1½" copper pipe at a local plumbing firm.

I now had all the pieces only to find that 1½" ID fuel hose will not fit on 1½" hard copper pipe as the 1½" is the ID size and the OD size is 1⅝". I contacted my local rubber hose supplier who went through his inventory and reported that he had 1⅝" ID exhaust hose but no way to collapse the other end down to 1½" OD for the fuel tank connection. Because we were dealing with Diesel fuel none of those I contacted recommended making up the gap with tape (not even duct tape).

I now had a couple of options. One was to find a smaller copper/brass pipe to fit in side

the copper elbow arrangement and the fuel hose (a brass kitchen sink drain pipe?) or remove enough of the wire stiffener in the fuel hose to allow it to "fit" over the copper pipe soldered to the elbow. Decisions, decisions.

Another aspect of the new tank's installation was running the fuel lines without cutting more holes in the bulkheads. With inboard tanks under the cockpit, all the fuel lines had been run to the engine below the flooring. Now I was running lines from above the cockpit down the opening for the filler hose to the port internal tank. We had replaced our oil furnace after the last winter and I had kept the ⅜" copper line that had run from the tank to the furnace and back to the tank. I used this pipe to run the lines for the saddle tank down from its location to the existing fuel hoses for the engine. Then I found that the ⅜" aluminum barbs on the tank would not fit the ⅜" hose I planned to use to connect the copper pipe to the tank. The aluminum barbs were "slightly" bigger than the ID of the hose. Brass barbs would fit fine but were not recommended on an aluminum tank.

I queried a boating email list for suggestions. The most interesting one was to put the aluminum barbs in the freezer and the end of the two hoses in boiling water. The barbs would shrink slightly and the hose would expand slightly giving me the "fit" I needed for the connection. Then I would need to screw in the hose barb (with attached hose) into the tank connection and all would be well. Another suggestion was to use a "stretcher" on the end of the hose to expand the diameter "just a little bit." After looking at some other options, I went with the stretch idea and it worked.

Since the new fuel tank sat above the engine (and its filters) I added a cut-off valve between the tank and the filters to make sure that I did not get a siphon action out of the tank when the engine was turned off. And after checking everything twice, I put four gallons of Diesel in the tank and started the motor. All works!!

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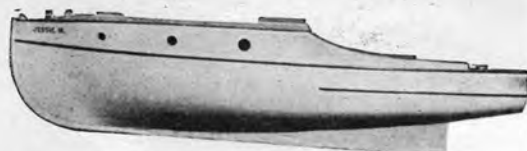
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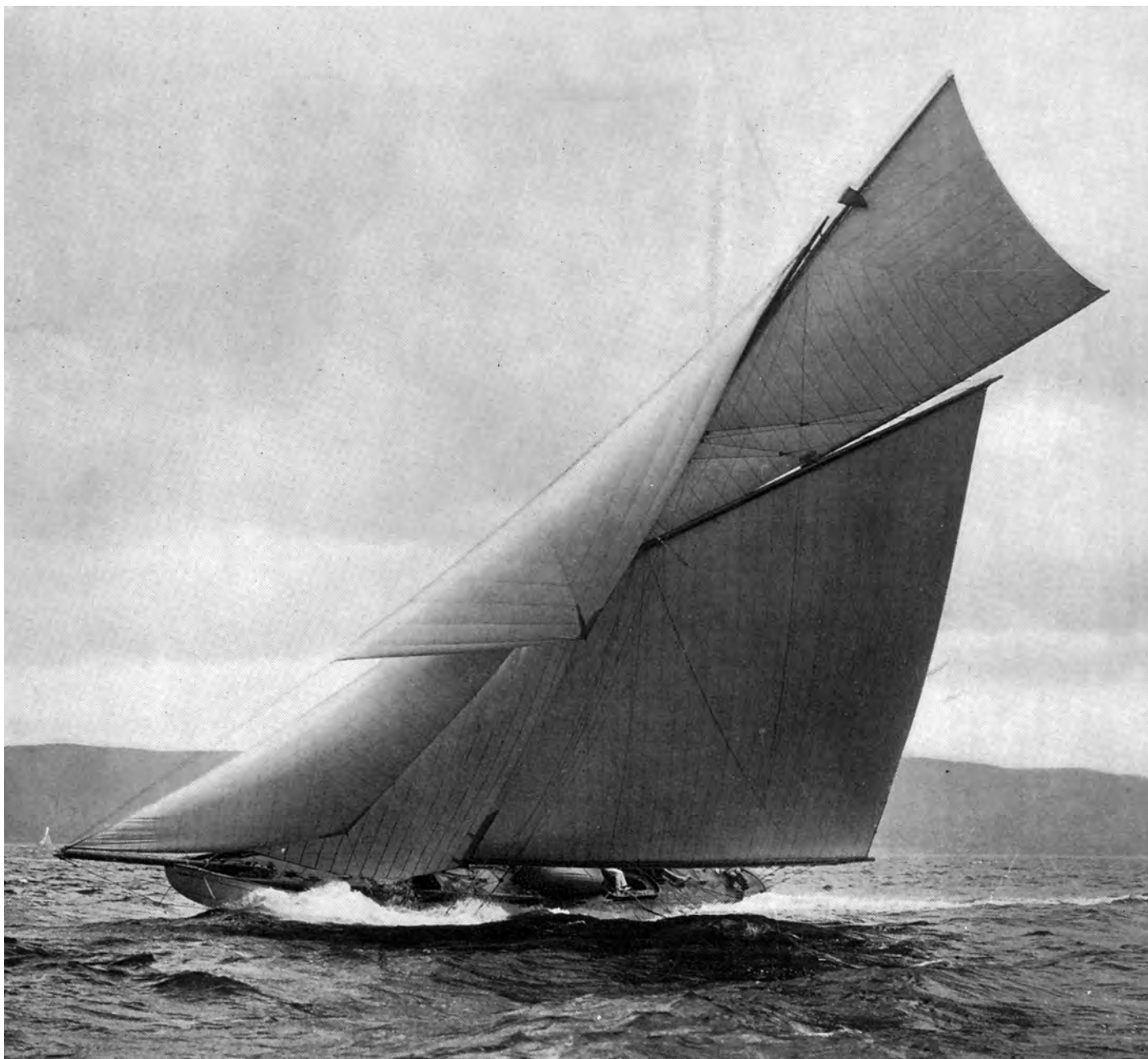


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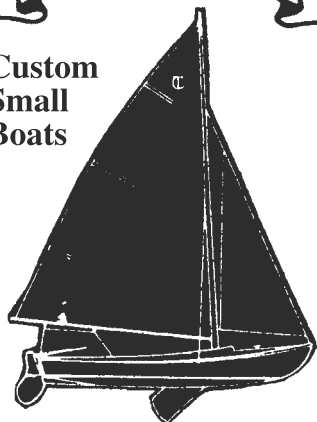
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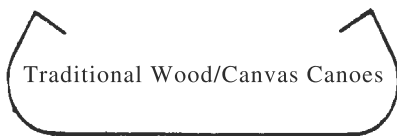
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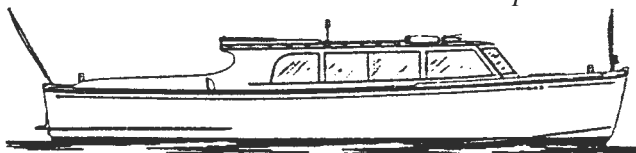
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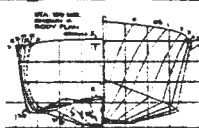
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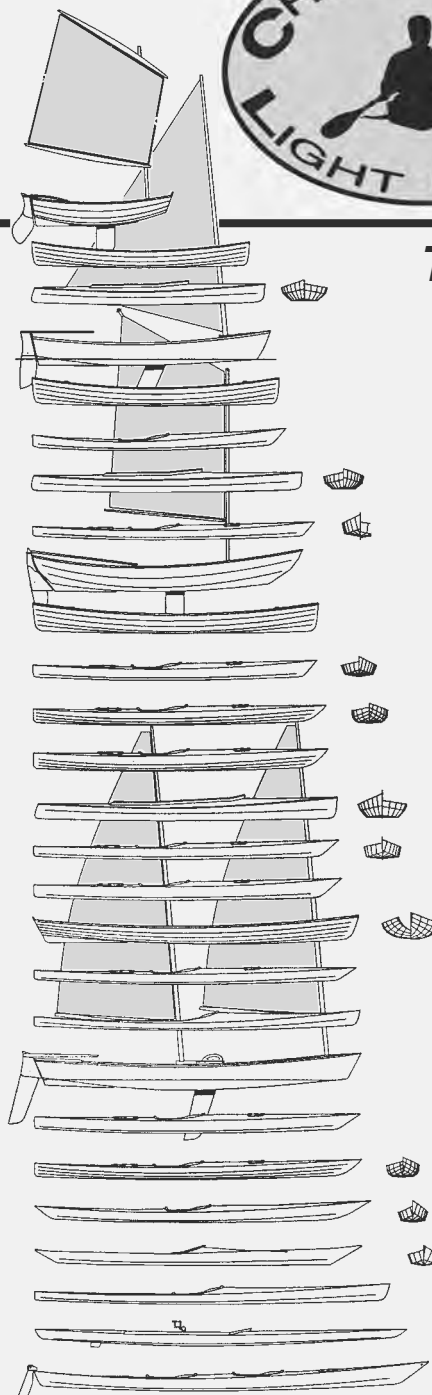
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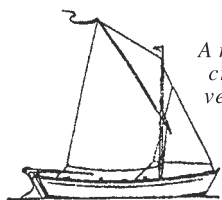
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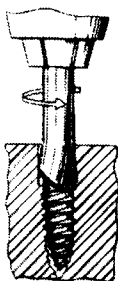
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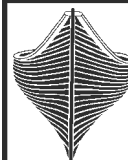
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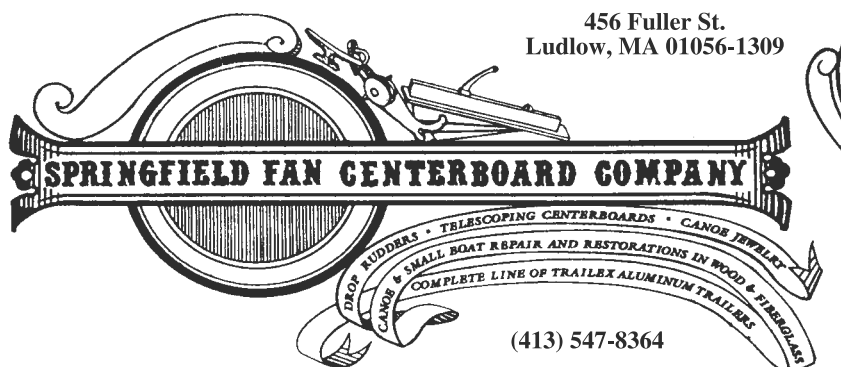
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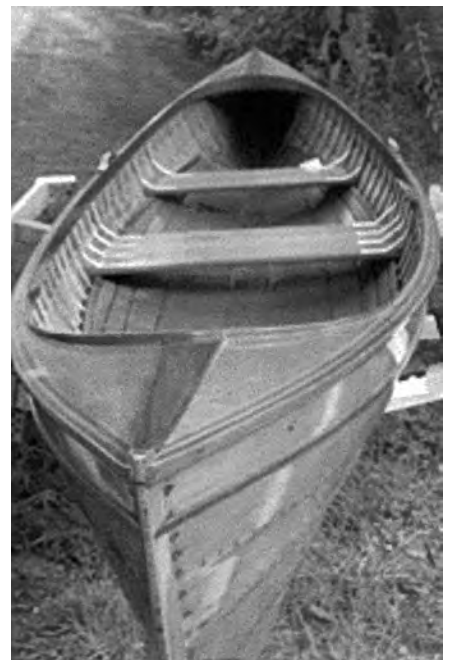


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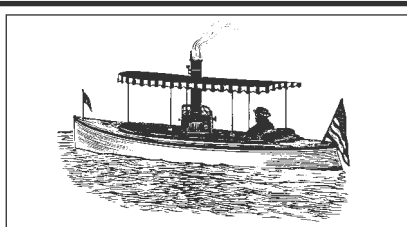
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We'd like to make it clear....there is no truth to the rumor that a romantic connection exists between Martha Stewart and David Rosen. Theirs is a professional relationship based on mutual admiration for each other's work.

If you visit our website and click on "What Does Martha Think?" (or do a search on YouTube for 'Martha Stewart's new boat') you can see the segment she aired on our boats.

Working with Martha was a fascinating experience. She is an amazing and gracious person.